CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE SPIRITUAL MUSE.

TRUE PATRIOTISM NOT CONFINED TO THE NATURAL SPHERE.

True patriotism is no more inconsistent with a just appreciation and love of other nations and races than a cherished regard for domestic ties, with an enlarged philanthropy and universal good will. Affection is like a vine that first clasps with its tendrils the nearest twig or branchlet, that it may draw itself up and form arbors and bowers for the delight of the happy and solace of the weary. He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, can thrill with no genuine emotions toward those that are unseen and afar off. Unless the hearth glow and shine for those who gather around it, it will certainly send forth no gleam to cheer the benighted and distant traveler. So if the heart find nothing to love in kindred and associates—if it thrill with no deep and yearning emotions towards its own native land and the races girdled with it in the same inevitable destiny, it is because it is dead to all nobler sympathies and manly affections.

I know that, according to the words of a living seer, "In the splendid noontide of the New Jerusalem or Church of the Divine Humanity, which now descends out of Heaven from God, neighborly love shall constitute the visible external of the Church, and every neighborhood, harmonically associated in families and distributed in groups and series, according to the social and industrial loves, shall constitute in its combined operation a glorious temple of the latter day; and they shall go forth with songs to their delightful task, and return with thanksgivings to the bosom of conjugal blessedness. And there shall be no rivalry save the lawful strife of pre-eminence in securing the uses and ends of harmony, and the principle of angelic love visibly mould the countenances of the fraternal groups into the likeness of all the virtues. All sectarianism and all isolated and antagonistical organizations, political, economical and industrial, shall be done away, and every neighborhood be called a heaven; and those who journey from neighborhood to neighborhood, journey from heaven to heaven. And so truly angelical shall be the associated communities of mankind, that the very strength of the celestial and spiritual kingdom of the Lord, together with the science, art, and spontaneous outbreathing joy of those divine abodes, shall embody itself with plenary fullness in the villages and cities of the sons of men below."

For "neighborly love contains within itself the seed or germinal principle of association, which will proceed in orderly neighborhoods among the recipients of the heavenly doctrines of the Divine Humanity, through orderly stages of growth and increase, until solidarity, unity, divine natural community of goods, divine spiritual community of truths, and divine celestial unity of loves, become predominant; and in this manner, and in no other, is it possible for mankind to taste the blessings that are promised in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

And as every man will have his home and his own conjugal partner, and acknowledge all parental, filial and fraternal ties, so each will have his heaven-world below, namely, the city, state and nation, to which he belongs in the associated and affiliated republics of the earth. And since love dies not with the fleeting breath, nor the predominant affections with the occasions that afforded scope to their earthly expression, the patriot sire still watches over the nation whose destinies he was and is permitted and appointed to roll onward to their consummating goal. For spirits and men have alike their uses which are ever in accordance with their highest aspirations and purest loves.

Moreover, He who sees the end from the beginning, unfolding and perfecting through mediatorial agencies the instruments of His sublime purposes, preappoints and prepares each for the part he should enact in the grand drama of His providence. Great men are those who fulfil their God-given destiny. They sweep forward with the currents of a divine fatality, hence they are borne onward thro' stormy seas to states of crowned victory. What then do I say, or leave to infer? that common men withstand the fixed order of the Eternal Mind? It was a wise saying, handed down from the most Ancient Times, that the fates might be delayed, but could not be annulled. The decrees of the Infinite I Am, are in Love and Wisdom, and can only be translated into Time and Space, as men become fit and willing instruments of the perfect order that rules and reigns in the heavens. Hence, we see that he is great, who goes the way that God and Nature meant him; he is wise, who receives the wisdom imparted from above; and true goodness dwells only with those who abjure their own goodness and receive all from the Lord.

We are told,—

"The time that mortals call to-day
Is the celestial yesterday."

In other words, the drama of our earth-life is first rehearsed in the heavens. There are prepared the agencies that preside over terrestrial destinies. As thoughts are first conceived in the mind ere they become embodied in words or actions, so in that home of inspiring thought are pre-ordained the potential causes of all effects to be ultimated in the natural world.

In the "Lyric of the Golden Age," in that portion ascribed to the poet Keats, are several sublime apostrophes to this country, which fire the patriotic heart with living zeal kindled from heavenly altars, stirring the blood as by a trumpet blown by archangelic lips:

Eden of coming days, America,
Upon thy mighty throne above the seas,
Thou sittest like a God enrobed with day;
And, when the Old World died, Heaven sent a breeze,
And wafted to thee with that mighty blast,
From out the ashes of great Europe past,
The new delivering Future; thou didst sit
Regnant; in thy embrace the Spirit lit.
O Land above all others, shrined apart
From Europe's desolation, unto thee
Was given in thy pure, celestial heart,
To nourish long the fair child Liberty.
He drank at thy pure fountains, and he grew.
Thy empire glorious, that mountains blue
And two-fold ocean bound alone, became
His cradle of delight; far o'er the main
He gazed on dead old Europe, and he said:
"The Old World lieth desolate and dead,
Killed by oppression—give it, God to me."
Then voices from serene Eternity
Echoed his prayer; through spirals of white light,
From sky to sky, it thrilled the Infinite.

But the special point which I wish at this time to illustrate, is the Spiritual preparation of the heroes of the American Revolution, for their sublime mission. At the close of a beautiful description of the origin and representative nature of the classic mythology and of a scene in the Grecian heaven, a super-angelic personage is introduced, who gives command that the sphere of the Grecian Heaven shall fall upon, and invest the American Land:

"Rise, O my children, let your ancient seat,
Serene and vast, o'er western earth be spread,
And mild immortal light on man diffusive shed.

"As morning pours its billows of red gold
O'er lawny vale and hill, that star became
A sphere of undulated light and rolled
O'er western Heaven * * *
O'er the New World that vast Olympian fane,
Sublimely shone, and with its ether blended,
And over-arched its vault with spheres of beauty splendid."

The mighty Spirits known in classic song and story are then represented as descending to re-ultimate in this, our Western Land, the virtues and essential potencies that rendered them illustrious among the sons of men. They infused and inwrought their subtle essences and powers into the heroes of our own Revolution, and inspired the nation with unconquerable valor and perseverance. I would therefore, earnestly commend the extract which follows, to the severest scrutiny of all skeptic and scoffing minds, and conjure the latter to consider seriously whether the inspiration by which such lines are conceived and expressed is from above or below. As to its *Spiritual* origin, the writer of this can bear the most ample testimony, as he wrote as it fell from the inspired lips of the medium.

And Phidias came, inspired with life divine,
From the Olympian Hall, on earth to fashion
A new and Jove-like form of strength sublime,
Impervious to the shafts of mortal passion.
His pure celestial ardors did impassion
And animate a youth; no Parian stone, [on,
No granite rock he wrought that waves may dash
And fires consume; he arched a mental dome,
That mind received a soul, that soul was Washington.

And Jove the Thunderer gathered in his hand
The streaming lightnings and he wove a spell
Round a young child; and wise Minerva planned
His mental structure, and Jove's thunders fell
Harmless and mild, night's darkness to dispel,
And made that mind deep-thoughted as bright
Of intellect, that roll with solemn swell [seas
In heavens above; and ancient Socrates
The youthful Franklin nursed on his immortal knees.

And then young Alcibiades, the swift
Mercurial Spirit, gathered in his hand
Bright sun-fires golden from the purple drift
Of the sky's ocean, hastening to the land;
And silver-footed Thetis from the strand
Of her divine Atlantic formed a bay,
And there grew up a youth in spirit grand,
Fed by salt seas and storms in wild affray,
Impetuous, fierce and strong, and terrible as they.

His soul was formed for deeds of dreadless daring,
And he, companioned by the free-born gale,
Unfurled the Starry Banner, with it sharing
Peril and victory; 'mid battle hail [fail;
He stood, nor blenched, though even Hope did
A sea-born Mars upon the bloody deck,
Pallid with rage, a meteor fiercely pale,
Keen as Despair, till burning flames did fleck
That watery hell of rage; he thundered from his wreck

Defiance to Old England, and he tore
Saint George's ensign with his red right hand
From its high place. "No more," he cried, "no more
Shall the Red Cross bear rule o'er sea and land."
He scourged Saint George's channel with a brand
That failed him never; and his cannon roar
Shook fearfully, although he bore command
O'er one frail barque, her proud imperial shore.
So the grim Viking stormed through pathless deeps of yore.

Themistocles flew down as when of old
He burst old Persia's might sublime asunder,
And reared a son impetuous, daring, bold,—
The wild steeds of his thought defied the thunder,
Still northern men recall with prideful wonder
How Allen stormed Ticonderoga's hold,
How, Samson-like, his spirit did outnumber
His multitudinous foes; defiance rolled
And hundreds cowered before one freeman strong and bold.

The Spartans came, and in the rock-built towers
Of rudest North they fashioned into men
Their Spiritual essences and powers.
The ruddy Argives thronged the land of Penn,
Great Illium's offspring, where with diadem
Of stars the emerald mountains lift their head
Toughened the limbs of mountaineers, to them
Gave constancy and truth; their souls were fed
With fires of patriot zeal,—this was their Spirit-bread.

To Marion's men in southern climes, inspiring
Came Epirots and Thracians; he who fought
With elephants 'gainst Rome, their spirits firing
With deathless valor, in their bosoms wrought
Imperial constancy. All unbesought
Achilles from his heavenly mansion trod,
And to the Chief of patriots richly fraught
With love and wisdom, gave bright arms; the God
Of Morning sent to him the victory-bringing rod.

And Sylph-like Spirits, peopling heaven's white
With Amphitrite and her Naiad train [ocean
Thrilled the great deep of that young world's emotion.
Theseus with all his mighty compeers came;
Star-bright Medea left her glowing fane,
And leaning from her fierce revolving car
Threw burning snakes to pierce with dying pain
Great Freedom's foes; and from Olympus far
All Heroes drave their steeds, each shouting nerved the war.

Then, leaping from the corpse of Europe dead,
Swept by white whirlwinds to his native heaven,
Young Revolution unto Jove was led,
In bright Apollo's car of splendors driven.
Then suddenly that burning vault was riven
Above Olympus, and in light descending,
The Demi-gods of nobler worlds, in seven
Great spiral hosts were seen with mortals blending,
Their victory-bolts they threw, inspired with love unending.

The camp of Freedom gathered, and the roll
Of Fame with added heroes shone; mankind
Thrilled everywhere and spurned the vile control
Of Tyranny, the Cyclop sudden blind;
Then dawned the liberty of human kind;
Then tusked Evil fell, and from his gore,
Wisdom, like young Adonis risen and shrined,
O'er ancient Madness smiled, and clasped once more
Sweet Love, and taught mankind the Father to adore.

IMMORTALITY—OR WE LIVE IN GOD.*

BY J. B. FERGUSON.

What is Immortality?—With respect to God, it is life without beginning or end. With respect to man, it is life without end. Inspired minds have given expression to the idea of our definition, thus: *first* of God: "*Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen or can see;*"† and *secondly*, of man: "*For we are his offspring, for in him we live, move, and have our being.*"‡

The clear recognition of this idea depends upon our interior consciousness, while its expression will ever take the coloring of our culture, condition and educational peculiarities. All sane minds, of all nations, recognise an instinctive life, that in desire, at least, looks beyond the apparent dissolution of death, while in proportion as any mind becomes true to that desire and the countless visible and invisible ministrations it finds in that faithfulness, it arises to the knowledge, privileges and power of life in God. Life in connection with external objects, commencing with the first observation of infancy and extending to the most comprehensive horizon of hoary experience, is, of course, more readily recognized; but in no one of its stages is it perfectly satisfactory. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing; nor can any one or all combined of the senses, bring to man the fullness of his hope; while ever, beneath every result of external observation, there arises a reflective life that looks beyond for a wider and more exalted horizon. We, by this experience, come to know ourselves as reflecting as well as perceptive beings. By the one capacity we observe much; by the other, learn more. We perceive that we are in a world of material relations, connected to parents and children, brothers, sisters and friends, who in common with us are subject to a law of change and the deep experiences of separation and disappointment it involves. We reflect, and are led, in reflective thought, beyond the parent for our origin, and beyond the change, however appalling, for our companionship, apparently dissolved. And by the aid of these reflections, gathered and brought down to us in the forms of our civil and religious culture, we name the power recognized before us and before the parent who preceded us, God, and in this thought, realized in any degree of distinctness, we begin to know we live in Him more than in any external relationships. This thought deepened, finds a *law of life immortal*, in which kindred ties are seen to be linked in indissoluble bonds, of which our natural affections and friendships were the foreshadowing intimations. Under the exercise of these reflections it will be found that hope is a native impress upon our being, and that it ever soars beyond external achievements. It reveals the highest and dearest ends of that being, and after their happiest consummation, still leads on and ever on. True, it reflects the passing objects of earthly care and pleasure, and often holds back its flight, to weep over the sad reflections through which it held its way; and it may be it will stop there till its tears, as a flood, shall sweep away the really flimsy, but, apparently, insuperable barriers of avarice and hypocrisy that stay its flight; but again, in higher ends and better interests, it holds its way, forgetting or despising the idolatry of the past. What we desire to express is, that the reflective capacity in man, which finds a God in the past, finds an immortality in the future, and its evidences increase with the depths and heights toward which its free exercise ever leadeth. Its first manifestation will be a very immature portraiture of immortality, but when, in its maturings, it has passed through the storms and sunshine of a varied fortune, it lifts its head above the blasts around and finds its visions expanded to take in the eternal evidences of life immortal, with its indissoluble ties of kindred in God as well as man.

We insist upon it, therefore, that self-communion alone can bring the unshaken evidences of our immortality. In our fleshly vision we have a dim observation of good, while in our self-communion we counteract the influences that would secure our servility to the passing scenes, and rise above base idolatry to the cherished hopes we have in God. We have life in two worlds, the outer and the inner. The one we realize by perceptions, but even these, when followed in their essential meaning, lead to the other. That other we realize as we retire within it, and in this retirement of the mind, we find the purified affection and interest of every kindred one who has thrown off the outer.

In it we hear "the voice of the Lord God," as did the fabled Adam in the cool of the day; we have the consciousness of acceptance, as had the grateful Abel; we find the skill of art as has many a Tubal-Cain, and the spirit of prophecy as did Noah and his Spiritual successors. Angels converse with, deliver and console us as they did Abraham; we wander with Isaac in the cool retreats of evening meditation; wrestle with Jacob, and behold his angelic ladder leading up to the very gateway of heaven, and feel the foreshadowings of the fortunes of our kindred, as the Spirit, disciplined by the sad vicissitudes of adverse life, brings the sobered reflections of age as they visited his dying couch. Upon many a staff, worn and trembling, we lean and look, till, with Moses, we behold the unconsumed bush, whose livid glare is lost only in the pillowy cloud of hope that leads before and defends behind. The gathered hosts of human brethren make many mountains of flashing rage from whence comes forth the law of God, broken, ever broken upon the flinty stone, but renewed in the softened heart of humanity. We wander o'er desert paths beside fierce enemies, and find our support and comfort in angel's food. We hear "the still small voice" that comforted the prophet, and which the roar of the avalanche and the shaking of the earthquake cannot hush; and strains of heavenly music break upon the bedizened ear in psalms as holy and more loving than David sung. From dusty ways of tumultuous strife and labor, we, too, ascend the mount of God, and hear of death's deliverances that make a Calvary glorious, and a Jesus King: while the gloom of Phillipian prisons, and the loneliness of our Patmos, is driven away by the praises of our God and the visions of immortality that no external imagery can depict. In a word, we find our eternity, which is life, and life in God, born of heaven, and wafted over the sable mantle of "Death's dark valley." We learn that we live in God, and the living evidence administers to every thought, affection and hope.

If we live in God, and God is immortal, our life is immortality—an immortality no change of outward relations can ever destroy. To bind the soul by a chain of despotism in religious faith, or bury it in the sepulchre of materialistic doubt, alike prevents the entrance of the light of immortality.—The one makes a prison, and the other a grave for our higher nature, and is difficult to decide which is the most hopeless state of man: sectarianism or Pyrrhonism. Freedom, alone, reveals the life of man in God.

It is the freedom of my thought that has opened the vision that knows that *nothing is lost*. I know myself to be indestructible, and the knowledge is open to any who have freedom enough to be true to their own souls and the law of the better life within. It is the highest attainment, as it is the holiest assurance of our nature. If there is an eternal individualization of God, and man is his image, man is individualized, and therefore immortal. In the moment of death, made awful by officious ignorance and tyrannical custom, if this solemn assurance be given—no matter by whom, for God speaketh in all—that nothing is lost; that no particle of matter, much less of mind, can be destroyed; that the assurance that we are, can no more perish than God can perish; that the facts of the soul can no more be annihilated than the Heavens can be annihilated by a thought; and that as long as we exist, the might of our love will find its own objects and privileges—we are comforted. If immortality and eternity exist in God, and we exist in him; our love will find, ever find, its immortality and eternity, Let then, the sorrowful billows roll over me and my soul sink into the depths of grief, I fall upon the bosom of Eternal Sympathy, and while my heart heaves in voiceless emotion within, I say, Father I love thee and trust thee for the treasures of my love and hope!

But yesterday I was reclining, beneath the cool shade of a tree of Nature's own planting, upon one of the tallest promontories of this fair and smiling land. Above me the Heaven was filled with the light of God's day luminary, and all the air was balmy life and cloudless glory. Beneath the huge cliff upon which I rested, in meditative observation, the serpentine Cumberland was gently floating between the green lining of bending boughs and rocky defiles, flowing, ever flowing on, on, to the deep, distant sea, that absorbs all, and yet destroys or annihilates not one pure drop of its ceaseless fountain. Behind and around me were the fertile fields of industrious husbandry, now extending the regular lines of thick-bladed corn, while the golden harvest waved upon their border, or here and there fell into the arms of the toil-worn but happy reaper. The hot, dusty city to my left, with its roofs shining in the mock fire of the sunlight, was still, as if the mandate of Heaven's summer had said to its tumult, Peace! Many a rude cottage stood in the open common or field, many a bright one in the clustering shade, far as the eye could see. A lordly palace here and there, amid cultivated and flowery gardens, loomed above the green and yellow fields, beside the well paved walks, where giddy frivolity and stupid dissipation too often reel from the revel of the city, or the nightly glare of their own proud halls. In my first view the hut and the palace were isolated, where envy looked up, and contempt down, upon the same daily scenes. The field and the street were separated, where the thin-visaged accountant and hard-featured toilsman, knew not each other, save as interest or passion commanded their attention. And even the lowly cottage, almost hid in the green trees, appeared before me as the theatre where lovely woman was sometimes enraged; where children ruffled the peace of home, and stern mandates from unthinking fathers, fell like lead upon tender emotions, just budding into hope and joy. Beneath the surface of this bright scene, that was sending its thousand inspirations into my soul, I knew, for I had felt and seen, there was much of untold grief, and sad, wasting disappointment. And I said within me: Is this all? Is this life of strnggle, of defeat, of overburdening evil, of severing friendships and martyr-like patience, all? If so, the bright Heaven is a mockery; the flowing stream a tantalization; the spreading plenty and beauty, the baits of a demon, to poison in despair. Anew, and with immortal power, gathered in the rebound of my nature, I felt it was but the beginning of man's heritage, and the ascension of all things around me proclaimed and anticipated my own ascension, now not far off. The tiny plant is ascending to the tree; the splashing wave sends upward its purest exhalations, thrown off by its conflict with rude rock and filthy depositings; even the dank savannah is purifying itself by the streams flowing in and out, while nothing is lost! And am I less than nothing? O! Heavenly Spirit, never, never, let the dark mantle of such a thought spread its sad pall over the ascension of my soul, as now again it feels, as then, it felt Godlike and looked Godward.

It were unworthy to lie down and fondle beneath the clusterings of that vine of mortal windings, that makes drunken and dumb the spirit born to life and life's great end—immortal happiness! I feel and know that there is no system of religious policy that guards and guarantees it as it should. But I equally know and feel that there are divine illuminings which, when once enjoyed, instil within the heart of all, the consciousness of Being eternal. Unchain thy thought, and the claims of thy humanity, and the inspirations of thy divinity will open a vision above every conflict of immature conditions, when in bright or desolate fields of Nature's planting or man's perversions. Drop the sense of power usurped over the less fortunate of a common brotherhood, and thou wilt cease to criminate thy God, or ally thy soul with a malignity that would burn his Heavens to obscure the hpe that struggles in the heart of the lowliest. Make thy soul an honored guest within thee, and its temple will open its hypethral domes to immeasured depths in life Immortal; while symphonious sounds from lips whose external covering moulds there beneath that bending tree, will sing thy franchise, bequeathed by God to blend thy soul in the interests of relationships eternal. No longer, cynic-like, sit down on what the policy that desolates the world under the guise of Religion, calls sacred love, to profit by the misfortunes of thy kind; and the barriers that have detained thy hopes, and held at bay thy progressive instincts, will fall in their isolation, and be carried as the drift floats to disturb the flow of thy spirit no longer. The clouds that dim the luminary of thought arise from selfish scheming, while the winds of a free humanity driveth them as the contrasts of a brighter sky. No longer fawn beneath thy misconceived prejudices. No longer lead or follow in assaults that desolate some human heart. No longer succumb to the policy that dwarfs the native impulses of thy soul. No longer suffer thy judgment to be incased as adamant by the barriers that false conceptions of God have created. No longer bow to the machinations of the designing, and then, amid every recognition of thy mundane relations, will be seen the supermundane evidence that prepares man to appreciate and behold the genial influences of the heavenly spheres.

There is an epoch in every life, aye many of them, in which thoughts immortal, traced by divine influence, from our birth to our change called death, that link the kindred ties of fond associations, that rise above the funeral pile, to make of brotherly and sisterly affection, fatherly and motherly care, a galaxy of stars whose undimmed light, though broken by the rude storms of earth, ascend to Heaven to be shrined in God—for all are his "offspring;" and "in Him we live, move, and have our being."

But my skeptical friend will tell me, he cannot see his life in God, or the ties that bind him to it in the transformed being of kindred departed. True; but is sight the measure of human knowledge? The eye conceals more than it can possibly reveal. A wonderful organism it is, truly, but its horizon is limited to external manifestations, and it cannot see its own life. The medicinal spring that bursts from yon bank of the absorbing river, my chemical friend tells me, holds a solution of enduring iron, and I see it make its deposit on the pebbly bed over which it murmurs its ceaseless song. Shall I deny the iron in the glass he forces to my lips, because I cannot see it? And can that pebbly fountain conceal what my eye cannot see, and I, presumptuously, deny the soul that hides itself in the perennial stream of God-life that floweth, ever floweth, through the forms it maketh, it transformeth, aud rendereth beautiful even in its decay? A little nitric acid will dissolve the shining silver, with which men pass into a temporary significance among their fellows, so that I see it no more. Can I deny the silver because the solution hides it from my eye? Is it not there as much as when it bore the stamp of the mint, and the superscription of conventional authority? And shall I deny that shining coin of the soul, because death transforms it from my limited sight and touch? Is it not here, not there, everywhere, in the degree of its ascension? Death hides from the eye, but not from the mind, and in a higher sense, every opened mind sees or realizes the presence, purified affection, or refined thought, of those who have taken on the enduring and therefore invisible garment of God.

Again, the most powerful and the only ubiquitous elements of Nature are invisible. The circumambient atmospbere—the engirding electricity, the world-upholding aura, through whose plastic, and yet sustaining ocean the planets move in their mystic courses—what eye has seen them?—what lens reflects them? The vivid lightning becomes vivid and leaves the track of flame along the resistant air and of its tremendous power in the fallen pile and the scattered limbs of the giant oak; but the subtle element, who has seen? So spirits, in the form and out of it, are seen in their manifestations, but the spirit itself, no eye hath seen or can see. To the ascension of this thought, so feebly expressed, every mind is holding on its upward way; now in hopeful desire, and then in the anguish of disappointment, but ever upward above the external world of conflict, till the great transformation makes its body and its soul alike invisible to the outward sense; mother earth having claimed the former, our Father, God—God the spirit in all, through all and above all—claims the soul, individualized from all other, and yet united in that oneness that soars above time and sense, to make them subservient to eternity and spirit.

O, great and glorious word: Immortality! Eternity—Life—Love—Wisdom—God. As the thought of it pours its sweet influences over my soul, I almost hear its strains of holy melody, floating o'er and mingling in the great sea of strife beneath, to win and carry upward the least sigh for the good, the lovely, the enduring, unuttered, it may be, from the closed lips of writhing grief, drowned, perchance, in the hoarse and malignant notes of religious strife, and hushed in the tumult of business and revelry, but still there and everywhere, wherever a human soul lies encased or rises in its measured freedom; and there its calm, its grand, its eternal anthem shall be heard, exposing and correcting the wrong it has suffered, and making it the mount of its own ascension upward, ever upward in Eternal Progression. O, Immortality! when the pale stars of serene and all-embracing Heaven are hiding their soft beams in the clouds of years and sorrows that gather o'er our earth; when the dull years are circling the child of my love and companions of my heart; when the loved and the hidden come to my memory, as I sit beside the little mounds holding the dew-drop of silent night, that prevents an obtruder upon my meditations; when the sunny hours pass wearily, and toil no longer beguiles; when my sleep comes not, and my dreams wander back to the ways of my childhood; when the narrow vision of my eye shall have answered its temporary end, then, O, then, come with the whisper of angel voices, and to the eye of my spirit, bring the day star of thine own hope, whose never-dying light, upon the night of my departure, shall break in beams of life, joy and glory to all. Then I'll leave the living—

"To join the innumerable multitudes
Who have gone before me. Ah! the bound is narrow,
And still how dark beyond; and yet how light!
The good man springs from earth on wings of love,
To love in heaven! To roam among the stars,
To bask in fields Elysiam, 'mid perfumes,
And flowers, and amber lakes, and golden skies,
And thought, and light, and harmony forever.
O, God Immortal! I have fullest hope
Through thee. O fold me to thy loving arms
And take me home!"

And, at best, it is a deception arising from our selfish indifferentism, that mistakes these rocks as solid and our life as transient. The solid earth is the phantom, and we, alone, are immortal among its successive apparitions of perishable things. Though it seems enduring as adamant, it is washing and dissolving away, and our individual being, of all things seeming the most precarious, is alone incapable of decay. Gigantic institutions, boastful traditions, pompous wealth, and hard-fastened servility, exist by a tenure more uncertain than a sickly infant's life, for they make a sweeping tide upon which this poor, frail ship of human being alone can ride the storm. The seas of time shall rink and flow away; the mighty fleet of human achievements will be carried into the impenetrable night, while suspended as it were in the mid-heaven of divine protection, we shall yet disregard our perils, forget our toils, transcend our anxieties, reposing without carefulness in sublime peace in the life of God, while the fashion of the world passeth away.

It is short-sighted and not far-seeing to look upon the external as permanent. Life is the permanent reality while its scenery, in physical observation, is ever changing. A dull and heavy soul may fancy its wealth, its rank, its name, its government, real and eternal. It may sanction its stupidity by the forms and foibles of a religious boast, and thus hide the light of an all-pervading, but, to it, unconscious faith. It may even argue and expound, but unless it arise to the consciousness of the infinite scale of human life, it will not advance beyond the mere spelling lessons of its tuition, and its religion will be as confused as it is noisy, until very weariness will cause it to fall asleep, over its hornbooks and the fatigues of its jargon, alike deaf to the lessons of divine wisdom and the reality of that angelic hymn that swells upon the breath of our morning land to keep the spirit open to the skies. Poor spellings of the merest alphabet of eternal wisdom are the dying forms of religion around me, and the spellers are unwilling pupils who feel not their life in God and deny its outpourings in those whose souls have found a holier dimension in the divine, and the divine in all things. O Spirit of Love! help us to feel daily that we are not our own, nor the world's, nor the priest's, nor the ordinance's, but the everlasting Father's, and shall survive the little spaces of that limited perspective that too often chains our desires, to find, experimentally find, that the things seen are temporal; the unseen eternal!

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*From "Discourses on Divine Illumination."
†Timothy vi. 16.
‡Acts xvii. 28.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1856.

DARK CIRCLES.

"THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE," TO ALL CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS & TRUE PROGRESSIONISTS.

Always averse to dark circles, avoiding them on all occasions, not only by example, but by the most unequivocal and uncompromising condemnation, have we opposed and denounced them. This aversion and distrust has been greatly strengthened by events which have transpired recently in our city; and we would once again bear our testimony against such performances as have, for the last few weeks, drawn the curious and wonder-loving people in crowds to the "Davenport Circle." We thought to meddle in no way with them; being, as a Society, in no way connected with them, or responsible for their doings. But when, with our own eyes, we behold—with our own senses, we perceive—and conviction becomes a certainty to our reason, we cannot refrain from an utterance; especially when such things are done in the name, and under the cover of Spiritualism.

The reports brought to us, by men of discrimination—of cool, calculating discernment, quick and keen—of the phenomena attendant on the manifestations of the "Davenport boys," induced us to visit them; and when, after hearing and feeling the noises and touches (of what purported to be disembodied Spirits,) *in the dark*, we requested the favor of a private sitting, which should be in the light, the ready acquiescence with which they met our request, seemed an assurance that all was, indeed, right. Circumstances prevented our investigations, to any satisfactory extent, before the final denouement and exposures attendant thereon, whereby a new reproach is cast upon Spiritualism; unreasonably, unjustly, and unwisely. There is no excuse for the people who have thus been the dupes of trickery and humbug; because there are means whereby they can investigate this subject, without money, and in the broad light of day. Boldly do we challenge them to this investigation; for, however much trickery may be seeking to conceal itself beneath the overshadowing walls of Spiritualism—availing itself of their shadows, as a shelter from the penetrating glances of the sun of Truthfulness, still standeth it fixed and unalterable; a strong tower, a glorious temple, whose light is Inspiration—its ministers, Love—and its crown of glory and beauty, the attributes of Infinitude. As a science, it stands upon a basis, strong, clear and comprehensive; wonderfully so, considering its infancy. As a philosophy, consistent, conclusive and transcendant. As a religion, high as heaven, effulgent as light, and pure as divinity.

In conclusion, we repeat, we are in no way responsible for the performances of these boys, any more than we are for the sleight-of-hand performances of "The Fakir of Ava," or the jugglery of Signor Blitz; and the science of Spiritualism is no more identified with the one, than that of chemical or mathematical philosophy, with the other.

MANIFESTATIONS IN THE DARK.

In the last issue of this paper, we offered some reflections on the "*unexpected developments*" which at times characterize the manifestations of nearly all dark circles, and, it may be, we then said all the subject demands.

Still, the Christian Spiritualist and the Rational Enquirer should be inspired with a *wise* and holy caution, a discriminate zeal, that his "*moderation* may be *known* to all men," as well as his love of the Spiritual in life and the preternatural in Nature.

To arrive at this catholic and just appreciation of principles and things, is the end and aim of all culture, and any and all instrumentalities that are friendly thereto, should receive a cordial and warm welcome from every lover of truth. Without this large and liberal conception is *realized* and accepted, *progress* will be tardy, and concentration of effort difficult. We predicate these remarks, that the reader may understand we are not insensible to any and all *benefits* likely to spring from dark circles, and at the same time appreciate the motive that prompts us to say that the general tendency of *dark* circles is bad, and therefore to be avoided. That there may be manifestations *good* and *true* in them, we doubt *not*; but the opportunity presented for trick and deception is too apparent to need a moment's notice. The only preventative to this is the precaution the *investigator* may take in *instituting* his TESTS and experiments.

When, therefore, both test and experiment are ignored by the medium, all investigation is at an end; without *confidence* in the medium, it is to be considered as synonymous with, and be taken for, personal and positive knowledge.

As this assumption of *faith*, without evidence, is now generally ignored by Protestantism, as well as the philosophy of the age, nothing more will be needed to put an end to dark circles than to have it known that *investigation* and *test* are ignored in these circles, when the proposed test seems to conflict with the *policy* of the *medium*.

We are aware that it is not for us to *insist* on the *conditions* in a too positive sense, since *Spirit Manifestations*, as well as every other development of the divinity "that shapes our ends," have their *own* constituted *conditions*, because regulated by their own laws. This being true of the manifestations in general, does not, however, authorize the assumptions or necessitate the policy of dark circles. The suggestions and explanations, nevertheless, which Spirits and others have offered on the philosophy of dim or dark circles, may have truths in them which, under different circumstances, (including better developed mediums,) may lead to results and developments calculated to educate the mind and elaborate the general philosophy of Spirit-intercourse. At present, however, and as things are conducted, there is but *one* safe method in this matter, and that is, to render *dark circles* unnecessary, by getting the necessary evidence through mediums and circles under circumstances that will make trick and imposition impossible.

So much we have felt called on to say on the general policy of dark circles, rather than to dwell on the late facts which make these remarks necessary, for, however humiliating it may be to acknowledge the *deception*, there is much more of *consolation* in the knowledge of its detection; since it wisely qualifies the investigator for further inquiry. The *roots* of knowledge are sometimes *bitter*, but the fruit is *sweet*.

To illustrate these reflections, we republish Mr. Partridge's letter *to the editor of the N. Y. Tribune*, as it is pertinent to the "developments."

"SIR: Much has been said and published during the last two weeks respecting the so-called Spiritual Manifestations occurring under certain conditions in the presence of two boys recently from Buffalo, known as the Davenport Mediums. Some of the phenomena which have taken place in darkened rooms had created suspicions in the minds of several Spiritualists as to their genuineness, and an investigation was instituted by myself and others, which continued for several days. Nothing decisive, however, transpired until to-day, when it was made satisfactory to me and others that *some* of the phenomena were deceptively produced by persons yet in the earthly form; and as I have heretofore frankly given to the public over my own name, through your paper and other channels, some of the genuine Spiritual Manifestations which have occurred under my own observation, I desire in like manner to caution the public against deception in phenomena, involving, as they surely do, the most important interests of every human being in time and eternity.

This unfortunate circumstance has not in the least shaken my faith in the great reality of Spiritual intercourse, but has shown simply that some persons, favored as mediums for some of the more exterior and tangible manifestations, are not yet inspired with their Spirit.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, '56. CHAS. PARTRIDGE.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

This is not only true of man in general, but of Christians in particular, for they are supposed to be a peculiar people, zealous of good works. How far their works *praise* them, or in what degree the practical *ethics* of the church and the theological press are expressive of the moralism of Christianity and the purity of Christ, we will not at this time inquire. But that the reader may judge for himself, we submit the two following cases, which we consider *fair* specimens of theological *candor* and *fair dealing*.

Case No. 1. The Boston *Olive Branch* having had its *mis*conceptions corrected by the Spiritual press, in hopes the imparted information would save its editor and contributors from *misrepresenting* and abusing Spiritualism, commences the new year with the following:

"SPIRITUALISM AGAIN.—No *principle*, indeed; don't you see it is based upon the permanent principle of *humbug*, taking *credulity* for its standard bearer and reigning with absolute sway in the kingdom of darkness, whose prince is their great high priest, oracle and "defender of the faith, &c."

Case No. 2. The *Christian Secretary* of Hartford, Conn., after misrepresenting and refusing to correct its issues on Spiritualism, and after meanly "backing out" from a position it had neither the courage or skill to sustain, commences the new year (January 11,) with the following, among other statements of like character.

"One class of fanatics—the Spiritualists—advocate boldly the doctrine of "free love," which signifies in plain English, the utter abrogation of all marriage laws, and the indiscriminate intercourse of the sexes."

The perversity of mind and the poverty of invention evinced in these extracts, would be humiliating indeed, were it not that they enabled us to understand the Spiritual and moral developments of the writers. This they do in a signifant manner, for both writers *believe* in, and give *proof* of their depravity. Whether they do this in obedience to their "creed," or at the suggestions of *their* natures, we cannot say, but the *fact* is obvious. In all such cases, it should never be *forgotten*, that "out of the *abundance* of the *heart*, the mouth speaketh."

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

It has been, on more than one occasion, strongly intimated that Justice was not only *blind*, but was rapidly growing *deaf*—this being the only rational method of accounting for the many acts of "outrageous fortune" which the "law's delay" had permitted to come to pass.

As the statement seems to be *probable*—since its acceptance enables us to account for

> The ups and downs,
> And alterations;
> And bran new plans,
> And *modifications*,

of *equity*, administered in our Courts of Justice—it is nothing more than *just* that the facts be known.

We should not, however, have made special note of it at this time, did not it give us the *queue* by which to explain the following *act* of distributive justice. The Spirit of this good woman, knew the defects of our popular methods of administration, and came, as we hope thousands more will, to *distribute* justice and dispose of her own.

We know not whether the exchange, from which we copy, intended this *morceau* as *fact* or *fiction*; and we care not, as few will *read* without finding it both suggestive and significant. The writer says: "Quite an army of Spiritualists may be found in Erie. During some late investigations by some of their number, a new method of settling disputed claims to the property of deceased persons, was arrived at, which may be put to practical use in future, and do away with administration. An old lady, formerly resident on State street, but who is now dead, suddenly appeared among her Spiritual neighbors, and distributed among her friends the effects she had left behind, 'as regular as a tea party.'"

A HEALING MANIFESTATION.

The following modern miracle is one, of many, that has startled and surprised the skeptical, while consoling and blessing the afflicted.

Health is such a priceless boon, and is so essential to all the relations of life, temporal and spiritual, that we cannot but pray for the *increase* of such manifestations, and the development of such mediums, as will give *health*, strength, and length of days, while demonstrating the presence and illustrating the mediation of our angel friends. Of this phase of spirit intervention we can hardly have *too* much, so long as there remains a diseased body or an afflicted mind to be healed or consoled. We copy from the Manchester (N. H.) *Stars and Stripes*, January 12. The editor says:

"We noticed a few statements in *a* late American, upon this subject, signed 'D. Marsh.' The statements made by Mr. Marsh, we have no doubt are true. From our own observation we are convinced of the efficacy of Mr. Coburn as a 'Healing Medium.' We have seen and conversed with individuals who have been cured through him while in an insensible state, or seemingly asleep. While thus he is influenced, and acts as though in a natural state, giving a full description of the disease, the parts diseased, and advising the proper course to pursue in order that a cure may be effected. A young man of our acquaintance, who has suffered fifteen years with what was pronounced by Dr. McMullin, of New Boston, a case of 'leprosy'—the whole outward surface of the skin upon the back, stomach and arms, being in a crusted state, at times running sores, and forming ridges upon the arm sufficiently large to admit a man's finger. He sought cure far and near, and at times was partially relieved. A friend advised him to try this 'healing process' as an experiment. After so long a time of suffering, and being unable to help himself in any way, he found immediate relief, and in one week's time was enabled to pursue his daily labors, being entirely free from all appearance of disease, excepting a few scars occasioned by the deep sores upon the face. All this is effected without medicine. The intelligence or healing power, as stated, is claimed to be from an Indian and French physician, who lived about one hundred and seven years ago. That he was celebrated and powerful there is no doubt, as he was an Indian Chief, and afterwards became a resident of Quebec, as a French physician.

"This is but a single instance of the wonderful cures effected by Mr. Coburn. About three years since, Mr. C. was fast sinking with consumption, and through a similar influence to that which performs such cures through him at the present time, he was directed in a course of treatment by following which he was soon permanently restored to health; and he will now give his whole attention to the wants of the public. We shall again have occasion to allude to this subject. Mr. C. can be found at his rooms in Merrimac Building, opposite the Manchester House, where he has established himself, and will give such information as may be desired.

A SINGULAR MANIFESTATION.

The following from the Waukegan (Ill.) *Democrat*, may interest the general reader, particularly if acquainted with the manifestations in the "Miracle Circle" of this city. The facts are vouched for by the members of the *Circle*, at which the phenomenon was developed, and their names appended to the statement. The Circle was held in Waukegan on the evening of November 26. The editor of the *N. E. Spiritualist* referring to the antecedent history of some of the members of the Circle, says:

"It appears that a Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Yeaton, (Spiritualists, and the former a medium,) had recently removed thither from Lowell, Mass. Some four months previous, and before their removal, three sheets of letter paper, on which were some paintings of butterflies, had been taken out of a locked trunk, as supposed by Spirits. The latter had claimed to have possession of them, and had promised to return them in due time, after their arrival at Waukegan, as a test of their power over physical substances. On the evening in question, these persons being in a Circle for Spiritual communication, Mr. Y. was entranced, and "began to move about, apparently trying to seize hold of something that was above him in the room. He said it was the sheets of paper referred to." We quote the remainder of the statement entire:

"We all looked carefully, but saw nothing of the kind. The medium would occasionally spring for the papers, as though they were floating about in the room.

"We were looking more or less intently, watching his operations. The room was well lighted by a lamp, so that everything about us appeared clear and distinct, as we supposed. After the medium had tried to obtain the (to us) invisible papers, for about twenty minutes, and while in a corner of the room with extended hands, and looking up, and asking for the papers to be given to him, there being nothing in the way to prevent clear vision in the place where the medium appeared to be looking, and nothing seen by us, then instantly, and simultaneously to the vision of all of us, who were looking to that point, the three sheets of letter paper appeared a little below the top of the ceiling, and about one-and-a-half feet above the hands of the medium. As they appeared, they dropped down precisely as though they had been previously held up there by the hand of a person, and there dropped. As the papers dropped down, the medium tried to seize hold of them, but missed them, and they fell upon the floor, and were picked up by Mr. Black. The doors and windows were all shut at this time. On each sheet of this paper was a painted butterfly, and they were instantly recognized by the medium on coming out of the trance state.

"As soon as the papers were received by the Circle in the manner stated, the Spirits, purporting to speak through Mr. Yeaton the medium, explained and said: 'That they brought the papers into the room through the door this evening at the time when Mr. Watson came in, and that they had rendered the papers invisible to us up to the time that they let them fall. That they could do this, that is, conceal them from our sight, by the use of the atmosphere, provided that the air in the room was not heated too warm; and that if the air of the room had been heated above a certain temperature they could not have concealed the papers from our sight.

"Several of us were not expecting the sheets of paper would appear at all, and others were expecting it probable that they might appear.

"Those of us who were not expecting such appearance, saw them appear equally clear at the precise instant, and in the same manner as those saw them who expected or believed it possible, that the Spirits could thus produce the papers.

"This statement drawn up, carefully read over, and agreed to by all of us, as being absolutely true and correct.

(Signed) Wm. A. Boardman, Olive L. Boardman, Freeman Watson, Olive M. Watson, G. Black, C. C. Seymour, Eliza A. Yeaton, James Selkrig."

ROGERS, THE POET, GONE TO THE SPIRIT LAND.

Although the author of the "PLEASURES OF MEMORY" is no longer of the earth sphere, his life is for all time—for the many acts of kindness, the joys of companionship, and the genial sunshine of his friendly nature, still live to beautify the "Pleasures of Memory" and enrich the record of "Human Life." We have not the room, however, to elaborate either, but wish to remind the reader, *through* his *dying* words, that "*it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.*" From a genial and appreciative tribute in the *Evening Post* to the memory of the Poet, we copy the following:—

"In approaching the close of a life so much prolonged beyond the usual lot of man—a life, the years of which circumscribed the activity of three generations, he contemplated his departure with the utmost serenity. The state of man after death he called the great subject, and calmly awaited the moment when he should be admitted to contemplate its mysteries. 'I have found life in this world,' he used to say, 'a happy state; the goodness of God has taken care that none of its functions, even the most inconsiderable, should be performed without sensible pleasure; and I am confident that in the world to come, the same care for my happiness will accompany me.'"

A THEOLOGICAL INVENTION.

We have a letter before us, the contents of which is as singular in chirography and style as the subject matter is inventive and suggestive. Indeed, we may as well acknowledge the inventive genius of the age, for the plan for "*saving souls*," submitted in this letter, leaves locomotion by railroad, and communication by telegraph, entirely in the back ground.

The writer seems to be honest and earnest, and anxious to prevent the *fatal* consequences which the theologically (?) wise promise to the unconverted. It is not, however, the millions that *have been*, but the millions that *must be lost*, that moves him most, for the appliances and instrumentalities for converting the "sinner" from the error of his ways, seem pureile and defective, when measured by the *hindrances* which prevent their speedy and immediate employ in the services of the world's redemption.

So *real*, actual and everlasting is the doom of the Heathen to him, that he asks: "How can a person endure the heartrending reflection of *millions* of his fellow-creatures sinking down into everlasting despair and death for want of knowing the way of ESCAPE?" To prevent this "CATASTROPHE," is a consummation devoutly wished for, the more "*since thousands are lost daily.*"

Whether the wish is father to the thought or not, we cannot say; but the following *inventive* suggestions appear so wonderful to Mr. W. H., that he thinks God or a Spirit must have invented them. As they explain themselves, further introduction is unnecessary, still we cannot refrain from reminding the reader of the progress and spread of Spiritualism, while thousands of minds in this country are looking round for the means of sending the Gospel to the Heathen. It is evident, in this as in other developments of Providence, that "Our ways are not God's ways." Few will feel other than thankful for the advent of Spiritualism, after reading the following *queer* but sincere explanation of Salvation made easy. Mr. W. H. says:

"I being of but moderate intellectual powers, and being, at the time the following plan for the discovery of Air Navigation was displayed to my view, in a very weak, confused state, and not in the habit of thinking about mechanical inventions, therefore, I firmly believe that either God showed it to me, or some spirit.

"*On the Discovery of Air Navigation.*—In order to encourage experimenters in trying to discover Air Navigation, let Congress appropriate say five thousand dollars at first, increasing the amount yearly as the experimenters would increase in numbers, which they would when encouragement would be given, from two or three at first, till fifteen or twenty, in different parts of the country. The appropriation to be divided among the experimenters in proportion to the amount expended by each experimenter in his experiments. The experimenters to meet together once a year (or oftener, if necessary,) in order to see what progress each experimenter had made towards the discovery, thereby giving each experimenter a chance of combining from each other's experiments. That, if the above plan be pursued, and sufficient encouragement be given, the discovery would be made within *five* years; and without any *plan*, the progress of the age would make the discovery before the end of the present *century*. That the discovery, when made, would open the way for the *speedy spread* of the Gospel throughout the world, by its going into parts almost inaccessible by any other means. That ministers should be ready, and have *millions* of Bibles given them to be carried, when the *Air Machine* shall be discovered unto all the nations of the world. The *Air Machine*, when discovered, would resemble the "Angel flying in the midst of Heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach to all nations." Yea, very probable the thing meant by that passage. The heathen, seeing their foreign visitors coming to them in so majestic a manner, would make them more likely to believe the message of mercy sent to them, for it would show them that those who sent the messengers to them were far ahead of them in improvement, and that the message of salvation by Jesus Christ might be better than their own ideas of happiness in a future."

SPIRITUAL CURES.

For the benefit of the Utilitarian and the Materilist, we copy the following from the N. E. *Spiritualist*. The testimony here presented, must put for ever to rest the question of what good is Spiritualism? for they show the useful and substantial in Spirit intercourse, and addres the Utilitarian on his own *plane* of development. The facts of Spiritualism, although wonderful, do not address themselves to *mere wonder*, for they are wisely adapted to meet the many phases of Spiritual disease and bodily decrepitude, which in our age are seeking Spiritual and physical health. Wisdom, Prudence, Good Sense and Selfishness are all addressed, in hopes the sick may be cured, the skeptical converted, and the reckless turned from the error of his way.—*Ed. Christian Spiritualist.*

HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.

Brother Newton:—I wish to add my mite in favor of what God hath done in restoring the sick to health, through Spiritual Medium Power, in my own person:

Previous to being confined in my own room, I had been greatly afflicted with Pleurisy and a difficulty with the Liver. Not being able to obtain any relief from the means used, I was soon taken with Consumption, with very little prospect of recovery.

Hearing of the restoration from a dying state of Dr. Lindsey, corner of Cliff and Myrtle streets, (whose case was also Consumption attended with bleeding of the Lungs,) through the Medium Power of Dr. Osborn, I was persuaded to test the same means; and after four visits I was raised to a state of comparative health without the aid of medicine.

Though it be true I was not restored through a touch of the hem of his garment, yet, I am persuaded, the cure is no less perfect; and I trust through this blessing yet to live may years.

I shall be most happy to reply to any inquiries addressed to me at my residence on Cliff street, Roxbury, Mass.

"Like effects are produced by like causes."—*President Mahan.*

Signed, SARAH H. BROWN.

Attest: JOSEPH BROWN.
Roxbury, Jan. 1856.

Mr. Editor:—Throughout the month of July last, Mr. and Mrs. York, Clairvoyant Physicians, of Claremont, N. H., sojourned at Sherbrooke, where they were employed in administering to the sick. The occasion of their coming was this: Mr. W. Thatcher, conductor of the works at the nail factory, seeing in the *New England Spiritualist* an advertisement of Dr. York, consulted him by letter with regard to his child then dangerously ill, and received by mail a remedy that gave immediate relief, with a statement that cure would be best effected by a course of treatment for which the presence of the physician would be required with the patient. Mr. Thatcher's associate, Mr. Thornton, having also an infant in extreme suffering from disease, for which he could procure no alleviation, and several other severe cases of illness existing in their neighborhood. Messrs. Thatcher and Thornton, with a few other mechanics, made up the sum of thirty dollars, which they proffered to Dr. York, as sufficient to cover the traveling expenses and a fortnight's board for himself and lady, if they would come and attend to these cases. The offer was accepted. Doctor and Mrs. York came; the children were healed; and during a month their practice extended to a dozen other patients, every one of whom that has followed out their directions, acknowledge the benefit of signal relief, if not of cure, myself included. I therefore recommend others to try their skill. GEORGE BARNARD.

Sherbrooke, Canada East, Oct. 18, 1855.

THE BLIND ARE MADE TO SEE.

I hereby certify that I have been afflicted with sore eyes, owing partly to a humor which had settled in my eyes, and partly to a deranged condition of the spine and kidneys. In July I took a violent cold which settled in my eyes, causing the balls to be very much inflamed, and the lids were swollen so that it was impossible for me to see, as I had not power to raise the eye-lids and hold them open for one moment. If at any time I raised the lids, the light would so affect them I could not see. I tried a great many restoratives which my friends prescribed; also went to neighboring physicians, and was blistered and leeched, but of no avail. I became nearly discouraged, for I had been confined to the house, most of the time to a dark room, nine weeks. About the first of October, one of my friends informed me that C. C. York, a healing medium, was in Concord, and recommended me to consult him. But as I had no faith in him, and as it was a new mode of healing, I hesitated; but at length decided to try him, and see what the effect would be. He stated that he had cured worse cases than mine, and thought he could cure me.—He laid his hands on me, and I received relief. I had not been more than five or six times to see him, and followed his directions, before my eyes were as strong and as well as ever. I therefore would advise all who have no faith in these healing mediums to try them, and know for themselves.

MARTHA A. BRIGHAM.

Sudbury, Mass., Nov. 15, 1855.

NEWS ITEMS.

P. B. RANDOLPH'S LECTURING TOUR.

This Br, since his partial recovery from a sickness that had brought him nigh unto death, has been lecturing in Boston, with his usual and acknowledged ability. The N. E. *Spiritualist* in noticing Mr. Randolph's first lecture, says:

"Its topic was 'The Meaning of Words,' and in it the lecturer gave his definition of several terms in popular use, such as 'Common Sense,' 'Philosophy,' 'Mediumship,' 'Spirit,' 'Development,' &c., going to some extent into the philosophy of Spiritualism as understood by himself. Mr. R. spoke for the most part in his normal condition, although several times required by 'a voice in his ear,' as he described it, or by a powerful impression, to pause and answer specific objections and inquiries alleged to exist in the minds of the audience, sometimes giving forth explanations and statements as novel to himself as to his hearers."

This lecture "by unanimous request of the audience was repeated."

By letter, we learn, Mr. R. is about to leave New England on a WESTERN TOUR, to lecture on the subjects above alluded to. Letters may be addressed to him at Troy, N. Y. up to February 1st; after that to the 26th of February, at Stockbridge, Madison county. Other notices will be made hereafter as his rout is West as far as Cleveland.

Those of our friends who have not heard Mr. Randolph, will enjoy an intellectual pleasure, if they are not otherwise benefited and instructed by attending these lectures. The unreliable state of his physical health may interfere with his progress and success, but should he have sufficient *strength*, none will have cause to regret the time, money, and attentions they may have given him for the lectures.

Dr. James P. Greves of Milwaukee in a letter to the editor of the *Age of Progress*, says:

"We have for two Sabbaths, been favored with the services of our good brother S. J. Finney, of Ohio, who has lectured to large audiences, and with great acceptance. A movement is now making to secure him here permanently. He will lecture for us twice on the Sabbath, and during the week will lecture in the neighboring large towns and villages in the interior. Our audiences are now larger than any of the churches save the Catholics. I predict a good time for Milwaukee this winter. We shall raise by subscription not far from 1000 dollars to pay the salary of Br. Finney and pay contingencies."

The *Northern Advocate* says: "Spiritualism is going ahead so rapidly in Manchester, that they have been obliged to charter the City Hall in which to exhibit the weekly developments of a "regularly organized Circle."

SOME REMARKABLE DREAMS.

The following is from the Portland *Transcript*, the writer of which offers this remark as conclusive, for not attempting an inquiry into the causes of the phenomena. "Without further search we may agree in the opinion, without discussing the cause, that dreams are not what superstition has stated them to be, neither are they what they are defined by modern Philosophy." As this precious *morceau* of information however, is of that "kind of stuff that *dreams* are made of," we would suggest the propriety of another article, by way of explanation. We suggest it because the definitions or explanations that "*Superstition*" and "Modern Philosophy have given of the phenomena of *dreams* may *not* be so well *known* to the general reader as the writer *imagines*. Besides there would be some satisfaction in knowing by what *authority* "ancient superstition" and "modern philosophy" are to be set aside since these *two* manifestations of mind comprehend the *total* of *human* wisdom. Will the editors of the *Transcript* give us "more light" on this subject?—*Ed. Christian Spiritualist.*

"A man who is the least inclined to superstition may be excused if, at times, he gives some credence to either the brilliant or the gloomy dreams which sometimes assail him. Modern philosophy, armed with its hopeless skepticism, has vainly sought to banish among the crowd of fables, these features which prove the intellectual existence of man, during his sleep; on the other hand there are many respectable personages of antiquity, philosophers, as well as commanders of armies with the most eminent writers of Greece and Rome, who thought it their duty to have faith in dreams, on which might depend the safety of a people, a city, or an army, so that, without blushing, we may become credulous after the manner of Zenophon, Simonides, Cassius, Cæsar, Plato. But, without wading back so far through the flood of time to search for celebrated dreams, we need only cite a few, which approach nearer to the present period.

"Maldonet, a Jesuit, had formed a design of undertaking a commentary on the four Gospels; for several nights he thought he beheld a man, who exhorted him to go on speedily with the work, and assured him that he would complete it, but that he would not live long after it was finished. This man at the same time, pointed out to him a certain part of his stomach, in which Maldonet experienced violent pangs, and of which he died, very soon after his work was concluded.

"A man, who did not know one word of Greek, went to seek out Saumaise, and showed him some certain words which he had written in French characters. He asked him if he knew what those words expressed? Saumaise told him in Greek, they signified, "Go thy way, dost thou not see that death threateneth thee?" The dreamer returned to his house, which fell down the following night.

"A learned man of Dijon, being fatigued all day with studying one particular passage in a Greek poet, without being able to comprehend it, went at length to bed and fell asleep. He fancied himself transported in a dream to a palace of Christian at Stockholm, where he visited the Queen of Sweden's library, and perceived a small volume; he opened it and read ten Greek verses; which solved all the difficulty he had labored under. His joy awakened him; he rose, noted down what he had just read, and, finding the adventure of so extraordinary a nature, he wrote to Descartes, who was then with the Queen of Sweden, and described to him all the particulars of his dream. Descartes replied to him, telling him that the most skilful engineer could not have drawn the plan of the palace better, nor the library, than he had done in his letter; that he found the book in question on the table he had pointed out; that he had therein read the verses mentioned by him, and that he would send him the work at the first opportunity.

"Marshal Villars, at the age of sixteen, was a cornet in a cavalry regiment. One night he was on the advanced guard in the camp, and was warming himself before a wretched fire, when he heard a loud voice calling to him to join and mount his horse with his escort. The youthful warrior paid but little attention to this order, but still he heard the voice, and an invisible hand seized him by the cloak. Villars then obeyed, and scarce was he advanced a few paces distant with his men, than the place he had left blew up with a terrible explosion. It seems that the enemy abandoning the territory, which was threatened by the French army, buried some barrels of gunpowder which they were unable to carry away. The soldiers belonging to Villars had lighted their fire precisely on the spot which concealed the barrels. The action of the fire commenced by drying the powder, and finished by its explosion. The genius of Villars preserved him from this great danger, and also saved him with handful of brave fellows, who, without the fortunate star which guided him, might, perhaps, have perished.

"The writer of this article has heard related the following adventure: 'One night, after I had gone my last rounds, I betook myself to sleep, when all on a sudden I dreamed that one of my hothouses was on fire. This struck me forcibly; I rose, and hastened to the hothouse pointed out to me in my dream, when I had the happiness to arrive in time to prevent, without doubt, a serious misfortune. A fire had actually broken out from one of the stoves, which were always kept burning day and night, and seemed likely infallibly to make considerable progress.'"

For the Christian Spiritualist.

LETTER NO. 6.

TO THE REV. MR. TUCKER, OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, OF TROY.

The Church of the Holy Cross has a pleasing and picturesque appearance, as it stands there on the hill side among the trees. The music of its chime of bells vibrates sweetly on the air of the Sabbath morn. The people who go there to worship appear neat and orderly, and doubtless they are happier and better under their present organization and system of faith, than they would be without either. Doubtless the sectarian Church in all its ramifications has its mission for good. To deny this, is to deny the active superintendence of a God, "Whose tender mercies are over all His works." Doubtless the Church of the Holy Cross of Troy has a divine mission, and doubtless that mission is not ended. But the fact that other people go to other churches, with the additional fact other people go to no church at all, is proof positive that other agencies and other instrumentalities are necessary to meet the Spiritual wants of other classes of minds. And why is this? If the sectarian Church ever had a divine mission, why is its teaching unequal to the needs of this generation? The answer is a plain one. *Humanity is progressive; sectarian theology is non-progressive.*

The men and women of this generation are leaving the formal church in the dim distance, and are beckoning it to follow. And now, my friend, I will speak of wants that our unfolding natures imperatively demand, and the formal church as imperatively forbids us to ask for, remembering not the words of Jesus, "I would tell ye more, but ye cannot bear it now." The time referred to by the loving Nazarene is passed; we can bear more and we cannot live without it. And while referring to those Spiritual wants that the Church cannot supply, it may be necessary to speak of those theological dogmas that have become real obstacles and evils in the pathway of human progress. In doing so, I shall endeavor to keep in view the injunction of the great medium of Nazareth: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

While addressing you, brother Tucker, you may only consider yourself a representative of sectarian theology. We are canvassing principles, not men. First, then, where are our friends who have laid down the mortal form? Where are the affections, the sympathies, the intelligence, the life, and all that constituted the individualities of the departed? Are they sleeping among the worms? These questions the Church cannot answer. Death is as terrible to the formal christian as to the savage who never heard the name of Jesus. The funeral ceremonies, the mourning weeds, the sobs and tears, the costly monuments inscribed "Here lies," all testify of the dead materiality of the Church. And the funeral sermons, made up of lamentations and contradictions, afford no evidence of victory over the grave, or triumph over death.

I had a little grandson, and I was looking forward to the time when I could lead him out among the birds and blossoms, and turn his young mind gradually upwards to the Father of these beautiful things. But death carried him over the river and a minister came to perform the funeral observances. Contrary to my expectations, he spoke of the lifeless form before us as "The cast-off garments of an angel that was now actively and joyously conscious of its existence." "In a few short years," he said, "we would rejoin the lost one, and would then realize that the preset seeming calamity was a real blessing to all concerned." But when we went to the grave, he said, as the coffin went down, "We leave this child here to sleep till the resurrection morn." Now, here was a contradiction that could not escape the notice of the most superficial observer.

The region beyond the grave is an unexplored land to theology. It has no definite idea of a future life, of its condition, or location. Here is its great failing, and on this point hangs its fate. The eyes of Theologians must open to this fact, or the world will turn to Him who is the "God of the living and not of the dead," and "let the dead bury their dead."

Secondly, I hold that the doctrine of the pardon of sin in any sense that theology teaches it, is a pernicious doctrine, and one of incalculable evil.—In fact, it amounts to a license to transgress, for men will sin as long as they expect a pardon. This great error in theology is the consequence of its ignorance of natural law. Theology draws a line between the natural and the divine, whereas nature is the work of God, and the laws that govern nature must be divine laws. If you seperate God from nature, you turn Him out of the universe.—Science indubitably demonstrates that every trans gression of natural law, incurs a penalty corresponding always to the degree of the transgression; and for this penalty there is no pardon, because God's laws, like Himself, are immutable, and unchangeable. For instance, place your hand on a hot iron intentionally or accidentally, and you transgress an organic law, and the result is the same in either case. The organs of the hand will be injured, and all the prayers of the church will have no effect upon that hand. The undeviating law of growth alone will restore the hand to a healthy condition. That this penalty is wisely intended as a correction, and not as a punishment, and that it is immutable in all cases, is evident from the fact, that the innocent infant is burned in the same way. Its innocent ignorance is no protection, the law is unchangeable.

Again: If you defraud a man of his property, you transgress a moral law. You wrong the man and yourself; and as often as you think of it, you will feel a pang of remorse. You may re- ed and become a better man, firmly er to do the like again; but the higher in Spiritual unfolding, the keener will of the wrong committed. And the avoid what is called "eternal punish- to go to the man you have wronged and pardon.

When men understand science they will stop and not before. But as long as theology that sin can be pardoned, so long the world full of sinners.

The errors of theology that gave rise to the various antagonisms of sectarianism, are too numerous of even a passing notice in this epistle. I said about all I wish to say for the present, will pause and give you an opportunity to If you should not reply, it will make no with me. I am your fellow preacher, and continue in the performance of my duty, as you will in yours. And I pray that I may to hope that before another Thanksgiving day rolls round, you will have chosen for the of that day a subject, that will enable you the sphere of strolling mountebanks, skeptical editors, who ridicule Spiritualism for Let me give you a theme, as it was given by a Spirit. "Look out upon this beautiful behold its lofty mountains, its lesser hills, lawns, its fertile vales, its majestic forests, its extensive plains, its transparent lakes, its its mighty waterfalls!"

adieu for the present. Do not think I forgotten you if you hear from me no more. much to do in every way that my capacity I support my family by physical labor, and write numbers of letters every week in to enquiries on the subject of Spirit inter persons who take this method to avoid Lately I have been requested by a high intellectual and moral worth, who is a of a popular church, to address her on this In order to secure time for necessary re- I must discontinue private epistles, and refer correspondents to the Spiritual journals. They enough there to excite curiosity at least, they have the promise, "ask, and you shall knock, and it shall be opened."

I have the authority of the editor of this paper, saying that its columns are open to a reply to epistle.

Your servant, S. M. Peters, S. R.

From the Democrat.

SPIRIT FRIENDS.

BY MISS SARAH A. BEACH

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering on viewless wings,
The Spirits of the dead."

They are coming, coming, coming,
In this quiet evening hour,
Flashing thro' the dark'ning gloaming—
'Tis a Spirit-haunted bower;
See! light forms are onward floating,
To a strain of music sweet,
Murmur'd from the trembling heart-harp,
Each beloved friend to greet.

Oh, the soothing, pure, entrancing
Bliss, where kindred spirits meet;
Where no sordid earthly feelings
Dare invade the blest retreat.
Heart with heart, in warmest union,
Blends with holy, heavenly love,
While the shining, golden harp strings,
In melodious measure move.

Choral voices softly echo
To the music's gentle swell,
Flowing in those heavenly numbers
That of joys celestial tell;
Words of soul-inspiring gladness
Fall in loving cadence low,
Banishing all earthly sadness,
That can check the spirit's flow.

Onward move the blissful moments,
On they still unheeded roll;
Calm and pure, and free, and faithful,
Is communion of the soul:
Not a thought of future coldness
Damps the pleasures of the hour,
Lasting as the mind immortal
Is true friendship's holy power.

From the Sunday Dispatch.

THE DREAM LAND.

BY MINNIE GRAVES.

Poets may talk as they list, but the Dream Land
Is the loveliest land of all,
For the beautiful flowers
Of its perfumed bowers
On the senses never pall!

Oh! the radiant lights of the Dream Land!
How they dance and flicker and flow,
Till their glorious gleams
And their rainbow beams
Make bright the world below!

Oh! the voices sweet of the Dream Land!
How their echoes float along!
Thrilling the ear
With music clear
Of some old remembered song!

Oh! the sunny smiles of the Dream Land,
With the loving words and tones,
Float softly o'er
To that golden shore
When the heart's pure gems lie strewn.

Thank God for the blessed Dream Land!
Where the loved ones come and go,
Like angels bright
In the holy night
To the slumberers here below.

From Chambers' Edinburg Journal.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

I can see that I grow older,
And I note it day by day!
I can feel my heart grow colder
As its pleasures pass away;
At the tell-tale glass I linger,
As with faded eye I trace
Solemn tokens which Time's finger
Has engraven on my face.

But one moment can restore me
To my boyhood and my prime,
And sweet memories come o'er me
Of that brief and blessed time:
Then I hear a father's blessing,
And I feel a mother's kiss;
And again I am caressing
One who shared with me my bliss.

Who shall say the Past must perish
'Neath the Future's coming waves?
What the soul delights to cherish,
From Oblivion's depth it saves!
Looking backward, on I'm gliding,
Till I reach that final shore
Where the Present is abiding,
And where Change shall come no more.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

EDITORIAL QUACKERY.

This article has become quite prevalent of late. On the subject of the *Wakemanite murders*, the American press have exhibited a strong disposition to indulge in the use of the narcotic, and fairly stagger under the influence. Catholicism makes free use of it to drive off the *Protestant blues—Protestantism* to repel the *poison* shafts of reason and *infidelity*—and—shall we think it? we wish it was otherwise: it is is too true—the Spiritualist to *intimidate* the true Spiritualist from attempts to reform Spiritualism. This is evident from the editorial in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of the 12th inst.

Undoubtedly, an editor has a right to refuse the article, even of a regular correspondent, but, when he makes the said article the subject of *ill-tempered* and *unjust* criticism—when he *perverts* its very meaning, and sets its author down as an *ignoramus*, for thinking and writing, in opposition to his own prejudices, *still keeping the article criticised from the knowledge of his readers*, then, we would say, the editor, though a Spiritualist, is indulging in *editorial quackery*. The *true* editor would regard justice with a more sacred eye.

We are *falsely* represented, as warring against *all remuneration* to mediums for the labor and time spent in dispensing their Spiritual gifts. This we charge as an entire *perversion* of the article referred to, both in letter and in spirit. And the critic reminds us much of some orthodox divines, who, in defending their selfish tastes, slash and cut blindfolded, without regard to truth or reason, friend or foe.

Is not *reason* a sufficient armor for the Spiritual editor, with which to meet his friendly correspondents, and brothers in the same glorious cause? Shall friends be lashed into silence by their editorial masters, because in their love for this beautiful Zion, they would guard it against internal dangers, whether imaginary or real?

The history of reform is a strange one. Luther and his followers demand, in vain, a trial at the bar of reason from the priesthood, but as unflinchingly refuse the same to those who would reform Protestantism! The Universalist and the Swedenborgian complain that reason is denied them by orthodoxy, but as freely deny the right to the discoverers of New Truth! The Free Thinker (?) who, with languid visage, has deplored the utter abscence of all honesty in religious relations, does not now meet the Spiritualist in open, fair investigation, but crouches behind his *creed* (Impossibility) perfectly satisfied to die in ignorance of a future, rather than yield. What next? Is this all? No: The Spiritualist who, for eight long years, has scolded, implored, cooed, prayed with Orthodoxy, Heterodoxy, and Infidelity, for a candid hearing, saying, "Come, let us reason together," becomes terribly nettled, if a humble voice should dare to whisper, all is not perfect within; or hint that Spiritualism is itself in need of reform. He who conquers his own prejudices is a greater chieftain than Napoleon. We will try to do so, and as earnestly, yea, *more* earnestly fight the enemy, should he threaten our own Zion, than when presented in a foreign garb.

See Christianity—once pure, simple, beautiful, now a Babel of antagonisms, whose foundation is stained with human blood, all as the result of *selfishness*. Do not like dangers threaten our own well-proportioned temple? Have not the *money changers* defamed *its* purity, and converted *its* excellent halls into marts of traffic for wholly selfish ends? Is not *exorbitancy* written over the door of every medium? Is not the tax-gatherer to be seen at every turn in these investigations? Dare we look at this fact, as we will wish we had done, when by time and neglect the evil becomes formidable? It is easier to fell a forest of saplings than one giant oak. See Catholicism—see Orthodoxy. We should learn wisdom by a sad reference to these huge incumbrances, these monster malformations of the past.

Read our advertising columns. For examinations, $5, the subject being *present*; for *absent* patients, $10—all subsequent examinations, $2.

We are an advocate for the *rights* of woman, and earnestly pray that the time may come when she shall be *fairly* rewarded for her labor—but not at these *exorbitant* rates. It is not that the patients are *few* in number; on the contrary, we know they are pressed for time to meet the great demands upon them.

Not long since we called upon one of this class, with an afflicted orphan. We found many there upon similar errands. Our turn coming, we were soon attended to, in a truly business manner, the operative taking about five minutes. The charge for this little *charity* blessing to a *poor orphan child* was $3; and, without stopping to soothe the little restless sufferer, with even kind words, she sent quickly down for the next customer. We would not infer from this, that all are of this stamp: but we want no better evidence of their selfish natures than the *exorbitancy* witnessed upon the face of their advertisements. Such exhibitions are blighting to the Spiritual reformation, and promise darkly for the future once so full of promise.

To the uncharitable insinuations of the *Telegraph Critic*, we would answer: That we have worked night and day for this precious cause. Our time, our talent, our money has been devoted humbly to the work, without charge or expectation of profit. We have given what we could to cheer the readers of the Spiritual press, and even paid for every paper from which we have read our own communications, and done somewhat to make the general secular press the vehicle of information upon the subject.

The article sent to the *Telegraph* was first submitted to some of the most prominent and oldest friends of the cause, and heartily approved before being forwarded for publication. It was prophesied, however, that they would fear to publish it.

After the fate of this article, and the partial criticism upon it, we will be excused by our *Telegraph* friends, for not directing the present one to the same source. A. C. McCurdy.

Jan. 12, 1856.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XXIII.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 14, 1856.

Brother Toohey:—Having terminated my labors in your city, I beg to present my warmest thanks to all the kind friends who vied with each other in acts of kindness during the term of my visit amongst them. Those kind friends are enshrined in my memory, and will ever be remembered with feelings of affectionate gratitude.

On the first Sunday in the present year, according to appointment, I labored in Troy. The weather was very unpropitious, and consequently the audiences were thin. Yet did I meet with the most earnest attention, and warmest expressions of friendship from the brethren. Brother Starbuck entertained me during my short stay. On the Monday I returned to New York, and after spending four days there, on the Friday and Saturday I again proceeded to Providence, expecting to address large audiences yesterday The inclemency of the weather, however, entirely prevented, and my lectures were postponed till the following two Sundays. I shall, therefore, be laboring in this vicinity until 27th of this month; of which my friends will please take notice, and direct accordingly.—(As Dr. B., of B., has not yet written, will he please to direct to me here.)

THE DAVENPORT CIRCLE.

I critically narrated to my friends in my last epistle, the process and results of my investigations in the Davenport circle, and promised them a continuance of the same at some future time—I now redeem my promise.

The first circle which I attended since writing my last was a *dark circle*. The persons composing the circle were seated around the room. The two boys sat at the table in the centre of the room.—The room was darkened, and the manifestations commenced. Instruments were carried through the air, and sounds produced as on the former occasions. After the first performance those present proceeded to bind the mediums in their seats.—Their feet were bound in chairs in which they sat, and those also to the legs of a table standing between them. Their wrists were then bound together, in such a manner as to prevent the use of the hands to a great extent. A cord was passed around each of them below their ribs, and a cord or handkerchief around the breast; both bandages tightly securing them to the back of the chair.—By another cord the hands of each were secured to the lower bandage around the body, so that only their fingers could lie upon the table. The thrumming of the various instruments again commenced, and after a time the elder boy exclaimed that he was untied. On lighting the room it was found that some of the ligatures had been removed, and amongst others my own handkerchief, with which I had bound the elder boy back in his chair, and it was presently found tied up into one solid knot of knots. Several other handkerchiefs were more or less knotted. After this, two ladies were seated at the table with the mediums, each lady holding one hand of each of the boys. The table was a circular one, capable of extension. The ladies sat opposite each other, when the top divided. The ladies most courageously held fast during what followed, still retaining their hold upon the boys hands until after the introduction of light. It was then found that the table and the boys had been moved out of their position to the side of the room, and the table had been extended so that the ladies arms were fully stretched out in retaining their hold upon the mediums. This manifestation appeared to be generally satisfactory to those who were present: it was so to *me*.

On the morning of New Year's day I again met a circle in the same place, and similar manifestations occurred. In the afternoon of the same day at the house of my brother, in Yorkville, six persons being present, beside the mediums and their father, *the room being light*, a circle was formed, and beneath the table were placed a concertina, a bell, a walking-stick, and a short, round piece of wood, about twelve inches long and one inch in diameter. First, the walking-stick, which was a small silver-headed ebony cane, was poked up the greater part of its length above the table, between various members of the circle on both sides of the table; the piece of wood was placed in my hand beneath the edge of the table, at the greatest distance from both mediums; the bell was rung; and the concertina was made to produce a number of musical sounds. in such a manner as could not have been done by the use of the feet of the medium, sentences were spelt out by the raps, &c.

A few days after, at the Davenport rooms, a much esteemed brother endeavored to persuade me that the boys had cheated me, and had raised the horn by taking it in their mouths, and so at the same time speaking, while both their hands were being held by myself. Now, this is an evident impossibility; but not desiring to have a doubt remaining, I again had a sitting with the two boys alone. I then first so placed my feet *on* the two feet of each boy, that they could not be moved without my knowledge. I laid my hands on the boys' heads. holding their faces towards myself, and made each boy grasp my arms with both their hands; and while in this position the horn was raised in front of me, and I was forcibly blown upon through the horn, the bell was rung, and the guitar thrummed as before. The horn was then laid close to my body, the bell immediately beyond that, and the body of the guitar resting on the table beyond the bell, while the neck of it was rested upon my shoulder. I *affirm*, on the evidence of my own senses, most critically exercised, that the manifestations above described were NOT, in the smallest measure, the acts of the two lads, nor of any human being within the room.

It has been said by some that these lads are, or that one of them is a deceiver. It may be so, or it may not, I cannot say; but one thing I do know, that they did not deceive me, for, most assuredly, with the precautions used, I must inevitably have detected imposition. I speak this in opposition to none, and if there has been any deception on the part of either of the lads, I deeply deplore it, and hope that the suspicion resting upon them will deter them in the future from placing themselves in the position to be even suspected.

It is a lamentable fact, my dear sir, that there is so much deception as there is amongst media. Better, far better, would it be for all *manifestations to fail*, than that *one* medium should become a HYPOCRITE.

I cannot leave this epistle without saying a word or two in reference to *dark circles*, and *I hereby earnestly protest against them*, as being totally unsatisfactory to the public mind. So long as darkness is required, deception will be charged upon the media. Let all manifestations, for the *crude public mind, be in the light*, and such as can be seen by all. Yet would I not be thought to reject manifestations of this kind altogether; but when they are given, let none be in these dark circles required but such as have been prepared by previous experience rightly to appreciate them.

Yours, for Truth and Humanity,
Jno. Mayhew.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE CAUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Friends A. J. Davis and wife are at present with us. He lectured on Sunday morning and afternoon to large audiences. The day was most inauspicious. The rain of Saturday night had produced a complete thaw, and many of the crossings were dangerous to the pedestrian lovers of dry feet and ankles. Considering this fact, I should think that few of the churches presented such audiences as those at the Sanson street Hall.

The first impression of one, on hearing Davis, is not very favorable. His style is simple, unassuming, but *effectual*. What he says, is *well* said. Every stroke is *to the purpose*; and the hearer is involuntarily forced to exclaim, *good*. Many giant minds would have filled volumes to accomplish what he does in a few hours. And yet he seems to endure but little labor. Like the experienced surgeon, he thrusts just in the right place, and out rolls the incumbrance, without severing a single vein unnecessarily.

Mrs. Davis lectured in the evening, to even a larger audience than either of the previous. Her theme was, "*Spiritualism*—its *uses* and ABUSES." She occupied about one and a half hours, but did not in the least weary her hearers. As she treated of its *uses*, we felt a thrill of pride as a Spiritualist. We admired, more than ever, its *reasonableness*—its consistency—its promise for the future. And when she treated *as frankly* of its *abuses*, its absurdities, its excesses, I felt a wish that this young and talented woman was the occupant of some editorial chair, from whence might go forth streams of undaunted warning against the varied abuses to which Spiritualism is subject. I wished for a renewal of the old methodist custom, that I might cry *Amen!* without restraint. The lecture closed with a good round of applause, in which your correspondent joined with all his soul (*sole*.) The people approved the discourse.

Philadelphia, 1856. A. C. McC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mimic Life: or Before and Behind the Curtain: *By* Anna Cora Ritchie: pp. 408. *Boston: Ticknor & Field*, 1856. Price $1,25.

When this lady produced her "Autobiography os an Actress," much complaint was made of its supposed tendency, as not a few prophesied it would excite the mind in a wrong direction. This supposition was predicated on Mrs. Mowatt's triumph as an actress, and the fascinations with which she depicts the several stages of her progress in that work. Time, however, has shown that a conventional and not very tolerant public opinion was speaking its *fears* rather than its *wisdom*—for the history of the stage since proves these alarms to have been unfounded, and vindicates the judgment of the writer.

Were the results different, however, the work before us exonerate the author from the severe criticisms and censures so freely bestowed on her "Autobiography," for here she gives the "*plain unvarnished tale*" of the *actor's life*, while eloquently painting the labors of the dramatic aspirant, and the stage hero. "Mimic Life," therefore, come as a fitting sequel, since it corrects alike the false issues of the reviewer, and the equally false notions of the public, as to the lights and shadows of dramatic life.

Why the actor is not understood, and his character appreciated by society, will no longer be a mystery after reading this work, for it shows the stage to be a world in itself, having its own laws, customs, rules and regulations, some of which are as arbitrary, severe and selfish as those which *deform* rather than *reform* society. These laws ultimate usages and beget habits which isolates the actor from social life, for if he is faithful to his profession he *is studious*, and is often, therefore, exclusive from necessity. This phase of the Actor's life has tended to foster much of the opposition, which, in most ages and nations, have been made to a profession of the stage by good intentioned, but not very wise friends, and in many cases have been the unconscious cause of making the *worst* prophecies come true.

This, were men in the habit of reasoning on *moral* as on other subjects, might have been expected, for extremes *not* only meet, but *cause* the meeting, and develop issues, that often jeopardize the fairest prospects of a life time. Indeed the socialism of the Stage, warrants the remark, that whatever causes may exist, to prompt a cautious and discrimate intercourse, or prevent a recognition of the courtesies, or an exchange of the civilities of social life, that any thing like *proscription* is not only wrong but *pernicious* in all its tendencies, for it fosters pride, develops prejudice, and endorses the opinion, which proclaims a large class of men and women unfit for "decent society." Facts in abundance prove this, but one must suffice.

Charles Matthews the actor, was the son of a Wesleyan Methodist, an honest and conscientious man, who from religious motives did not allow his children to frequent the theatre. Great was his horror therefore, when he heard his son Charles had adopted the Stage as a profession, and was determined to abide the issue of his choice. His repugnance did not dim the native sense of the man, nor the affection of the father, for, sending for his son, he said: "Charles, there are your *indentures*, (Charles had left his trade,) and there are *twenty guineas*. *I do not approve of the Stage*, but I will not oppose your wishes. At any time hereafter, should you feel inclined to turn to an *honest* calling, there are *twenty guineas more*, if you send for them, and *your father's house* is *open* to you." The second "twenty" were never sent for, however, as Charles Matthews lived to make himself an "institution" to his age.

The qualifying word "*honest*" in this narrative, expresses the depth of that prejudice, which has been, and still is so powerful in proscribing Stage life and dramatic representations. From much of this, we hope soon to be delivered, for the age is emancipational in spirit and redemptive in its better tendencies, thanks to the many agencies that are laboring to educate the mind, develop life, and hasten the advent of an advanced and refined civilization. Thanks to the genius, good sense and moral perseverance of many of the dramatic family, who, while ministering to the imaginative wants of the public, are not forgetful of their own culture.

Among the many of this class, we delight to honor for their perseverance, intelligence, moral worth and social urbanity, be these the characteristics of the man or woman speaking on the Stage, or the qualifications of the author speaking through the press, few hold a more prominent place in our cherished memories than the gifted lady and talented authoress of the work that heads this notice.—"Mimic Life" will do much towards acquainting the public with the manners and customs of the Stage, and cannot but have a softening and a humanizing tendency, while destroying the prejudice that makes "oppression bitter," for it is truthful to the facts of life, and speaks the language of love and kindness to and for ALL. To the *honest* sectarian, who wishes to know the truths of the "battles, sieges, fortunes" of the actor's life, we say, buy and read, for you will find humanity and religion, "live, move and have a being," on the *Mimic* Stage, as well as the real stage of life, where *men* and women all are merely players. We conclude with the following from the narrative of Stella, (the first and longest of the three narratives composing the work) as an illustration.*

"What a hard life you do lead!" said Mattie compassionately.

"Not harder than that of many others, and *it will not last always*. When I am troubled and worn out, I have sweet visions of another life, where rest and peace will be given. My mother has found *that* life, and so shall we, in good time; we have only to wait patiently, and do our best."

"Poor child! is death the best thing you can find in life?"

"My mother believed it to be the best thing in hers; she said so in her dying hour. She gave me counsel that comes back to me when I am sorrowful. I often hear her voice as plainly as though she were near me; I often think she *is* near me.* People laugh, and call me superstitious, and a fool, when I say so; but I am *sure* of her presence. I know that our heavenly Father permits her to watch over her poor orphans. When I do a good action it is my mother's Spirit that prompts me.—Often I abstain from a wrong one because the eyes of God and my mother are upon me. And God would seem far off, but for my mother, through whom he is near."

"God for his service needeth not proud work of human skill;
They please him best who labor most in peace to do his will!"

*"Have not we too? Yes we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence.

"Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar;
Listen, ponder, hold them dear,
For of God—*Of God they are!*—Wadsworth.

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* pp. 122, 123.

Kit Bam's Adventures, or The Yarns of an Old Mariner, by Mary Cowden Clark, *Boston*: Ticknor & Field, 1856, pp. 360.

The Magician's Show Box and other Stories, by the author of "Rainbows for Children," pp. 295, by the same firm.

Although the "*Utilitarian* has long since complained of the publication and use of such books as these, "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" seldom come without bringing some fresh news of the wonders of dream land and fairydom. We *infer*, therefore, that either the "Utilitarian" is *mentally oblivious* of the *true* nature of the human mind, or that the human mind cares but little for the "Utilitarian's" notions, ourself strongly inclining to the latter opinion.

We incline to this view of the subject, for we consider "*imagination*" to be a faculty of the human mind, and a very essential element in the make up of the human soul. Indeed so long as man is a creature of hopes and fears, vascillating between the extremes of *prose* life and romantic intentions, so long will humanity need imagination to build the mental bridge, ladder, and any and all other contrivences, the soul may need in passing from the actual in the world of fact, to the ideal, in the heaven of conception.

Mary Cowden Clark is something of the same opinion, and has put some very interesting stories on paper for her young friends. The extravagance of the narrative may sometimes tax both the imaginatiou and fancy, for *probabilities* are of no more account in "Kit Bam's Yarns" than the prose calculations of life are in the business transactions of some of our own "jolly mariners." The stories are written in a happy, pleasant narrative style, the language being chaste and nicely adapted to the "travels' history" of the many actors in the strange eventful dramas, composing the volume.—The work is intended for young lads and misses from ten to twelve years of age, and is finely illustrated with appropriate engravings by George Cruikshank. The book is admirably got up, and reflects credit on all concerned in the publication.

"The Magician's Show Box" is a less ambitious, though a no less wisely adapted production to the needs of the young. It is in fact, a beautiful and fanciful work, being every way calculated to interest and amuse children. The type is large, the paper good, and the illustrations and painting excellent.

The spirit everywhere invoked by the moral of these works is kind, humane and friendly to the best impulses of our nature, for the curious stories of the sailor and the wonders of the "Show Box," all tend to refine life by appealing to the beautiful in nature and art, and the *good* in humanity.

The Alcoholic Controversy: *A Review of the Westminster Review on* "The Physiological Errors on Teetotalaism," by R. T. Trall, M. D., *New York*: Fowler & Wells, No. 308, Broadway, 1856. pp. 114.

This publication will well repay the trouble of an attentive reading, for beside the review of Dr. Trall, it contains the original article from the Westminster. This phase of the Alcholic Controversy, shows that the issue is hastening to a finality, for the question has past from the common places of the popular platform, to the concentrated and circumscribed form of scientific use. The disputants are able, educated, and "well posted" for the issue. The novelty of some of the views may startle, but they are significant and suggestive, and cannot fail but give a clearer form to the real question at issue, the importance of which may be inferred from the following extract from Dr. Trall's introductory.

He says: "If the theory of the *Westminster Review* be correct, it is high time the temperance people understood it, that they need not longer waste their energies in an unavailing and unjust struggle; and if the converse be true, it is time the world should be put in possession of the evidences of its truth, to the end that wholesome laws 'for the suppression of intemperance, pauperism and crime' may not be defeated by the sophistications of a false philosophy, nor the misapprehensions of physiological principles, nor the misapplications of scientific data.

Pope Pius, The Last of the Popes: *H. Dayton*, 117 *Nassau street*, 1855. pp. 134.

Although much of this work is taken up with a discussion of the merits and demerits of the Pope as an ecclesiastic, and as the ruler of a Nation, it, nevertheless, makes some pretensions of a prophetic character, and outlines what the author understands as "the Judgment of God upon the Nations."

There is little novelty, however, in the subject matter of the work, and less in its conclusions, as much of the reasoning is predicated on the so much abused prophecies of Daniel, and the equally misconceived Revelations of John. The book, however, is suggestive, as there are many facts, hints and statements, calculated to awaken thought and direct attention to the progress of events.

MISS KATE FOX.

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VOICES.

BY SARAH A. MILTON.

There's a voice in the winds, and it whispers low,
Its changeful burden of joy and woe;
To the aching heart it hath a tone,
That murmurs sadly of pleasures flown:
And the joyous an answering echo find,
In the low sweet carol of the wind.

The fresh'ning breeze of early Spring
Hath a sound of life in its murmuring;
And the balmy air of flowery June,
Like incense sheddeth a rich perfume;
And the Autumn blast hath a dirge-like tone,
Chanting a requiem for Summer gone.

There's the twilight breeze with its gentle sigh,
Like the breath of a spirit passing by;
And the wail of the night wind that vigil keeps,
While the weary earth in silence sleeps;
And the storm-spirit telling of ruin ever,
They all have a voice that is silent never.

There's a voice in the deep when the waves are at rest,
And idly murmur on ocean's breast;
And we watch their quiet ebb and flow,
Nor think of the danger that lurks below;
'Tis a soothing voice and recalls the past,
With a softening haze around it cast;
And in waking dreams we half forget
The sorrow though sleeping that cankers yet.

But anon the wild winds rise and sweep
Into foaming surges, the quiet deep;
The angry breakers roar and swell,
And afar is sounding a boding knell:—
An awful voice hath the deep in its wrath,
When the frail bark rocks in the billow's path;
And the cadence of the boundless sea
Doth speak to the soul of infinity.

There's a voice in the grave, and it falls more clear
Than living notes upon the ear;
And it wakes in the heart a vain regret,
"Oh! would that the lost were with us yet;"
And undying memory oft will bring
Each unkind word with serpent sting:
Then cherish the living fondly to-day,
For to-morrow they may have passed away.

There's a voice in the heart—a gentle breath—
But it ceaseth never till hushed in death;
By truth and virtue its tones are stirred,
Though oft midst the turmoil of life unheard;
And though crushed and silenced in sinful hour,
It waketh again with living power:
Oh! heed that voice, and its tones shall be
A watchword through life to eternity.

From the Wisconsin Home

IMAGINARY EVILS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
  Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
  Life's troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
  'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
  Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee --
  Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
  But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By this Spirit supported and gladdened,
  Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterred;
But think how hearts have been saddened
  By fear—of what never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
  Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,—
  Still shorter by folly and fear!
Half our troubles are half our invention,
  And often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
  Of evils that never occurred!

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS VS. ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The following is given as an explanation to certain questions put to us not long since, by one who seemed to know more about the conclusions of the theological schools in New Haven and North Andover, than of the contents of the Bible. As his objection to Spiritualism was purely of a speculative and theological character, nothing short of the annihilation of his logic and Biblical criticism can save him from the error of his ways and convert him to a high and Spiritual appreciation of the truths, consolations, and intellectual harmonies of the gospel of progress.

We wish the reader to observe however, that all such issues are rather outside of Spiritualism proper, since the controversies have been many and long on the subject of future and eternal punishment, ere the advent of the manifestations and the dissemination of the Spiritual philosophy.

Those therefore who wish for Biblical and theological explanations, particularly if the strength of the argument depends on the signification and literal value of some Greek or Hebrew word, should look into the writings of learned linguists and eminent scholars, as their position as well as their investigations give the *greater* probability for *impartial* testimony and reliable conclusions. This conviction prompts us to quote the following extracts from Thomas De Quincey, "*On the Supposed Scriptural Expression for Eternity*," although equally learned authority could be found nearer home. He says:

"Forty years ago, I used to be annoyed and irritated by the false interpretation given to the Greek word *aion*, and given necessarily therefore to the adjective *aionios* as its immediate derivative. It was not so much the falsehood of this interpretation, as the narrowness of that falsehood, which disturbed me. There was a glimmer of truth in it; and precisely that glimmer it was which led the way to a general and obstinate misconception of the meaning. The word is remarkably situated.—It is a scriptural word, and it is also a Greek word; from which the inevitable inference is, that we must look for it only in the *New* Testament. * *

The reason which gives to this word *aeonian* what I do not scruple to call a *dreadful* importance, is the same reason, and no other, which prompted the dishonesty concerned in the ordinary interpretation of this word. The word happened to connect itself with the ancient dispute upon the *duration* of future punishments. What was meant by the *aeonian* punishments in the next world? Was the proper sense of the word *eternal*, or was it not?

* * * * * *

That argument runs thus—that the ordinary construction of the term *aeonian*, as equivalent to *everlasting*, could not possibly be given up when associated with penal misery, because in that case, and by the very same act, the idea of eternity must be abandoned as applicable to the counter-bliss of Paradise. Torment and blessedness, it wss argued, punishment and beatification stood upon the same level; the same word it was, the word *aeonian*, which qualified the duration of either; and, if eternity in the most rigorous acceptation fell away from the one idea, it must equally fall away from the other. Well, be it so; but that would not settle the question. It might be very painful to renounce a long cherished anticipation; but the necessity of doing so could not be received as a sufficient reason for adhering to the old unconditional use of the word *aeonian*. The argument is—that we must retain the old sense of *eternal*, because else we lose upon one scale what we had gained upon the other. But what then? would be the reasonable man's retort. We are not to accept or to reject a new construction (if otherwise the more colorable) of the word *aeonian*, simply because the consequences might seem such as upon the whole to displease us. We may gain nothing; for by the new interpretation our loss may balance our gain; and we may prefer the old arrangement. But how monstrous is all this? We are not summoned as to a choice of two different arrangements that may suit different tastes, but to a grave question as to *what is the sense and operation of the word aeonian*. Let the limitation of the word disturb our previous estimate of Paradise; grant that it so disturbs that estimate; not the less all such consequences leave the dispute exactly where it was; and if a balance of reason can be found for limiting the extent of the word *aeonian*, it will not be less true because it may happen to disturb a crotchet of our own.

Meantime, all this speculation, first and last, is pure nonsense. *Aeonian* does not mean *eternal*; neither does it mean limited duration; nor would the unsettling of *aeonian* in its old sense, as applied to punishment, to torment, to misery, &c., carry with it any necessary unsettling of the idea in its application to the beatitudes of Paradise. Pause, reader; and thou, my favored and privileged reader, that boastest thyself to be unlearned, pause doubly whilst I communicate my views as to this remarkable word.

What is an *aeon?* In the use and acceptation of the Apocalypse, it is evidently this, viz: *the duration or cycle of existence which belongs to any object, not individually for itself, but universally in right of its genus.* * * * * *

Man, again, has a certain *aeonian* life; possibly ranging somewhere about the period of 70 years assigned in the Psalms. That is, in a state as highly improved as human infirmity and the errors of the earth herself, together with the diseases incident to our atmosphere, &c., could be supposed to allow, possibly the human race might average 70 years for each individual. This period would in that case represent the "*aeon*" of the *individual* Tellurian; but the "*aeon*" of the Tellurian RACE would probably amount to many millions of our earthly years; and it would remain an unfathomable mystery, deriving no light at all from the septuagenarian "aeon" of the individual; though between the two aeons I have no doubt that some secret link of connection does and must subsist, however undiscoverable by human sagacity. * * * *

Reader, I take my leave. I have been too loitering. I know it, and will make such efforts in future to cultivate the sternest brevity as nervous distress will allow. Meantime, as the upshot of my speculation, accept these three propositions:

A. That man (which is, in effect, *every* man hitherto,) who allows himself to infer the eternity of evil from the counter eternity of good, builds upon the mistake of assigning a stationary and mechanic value to the idea of an aeon; whereas the very purpose of Scripture in using this word was to evade such a value. The word is always varying, for the very purpose of keeping it faithful to a Spiritual identity. The period or duration of every object *would* be an essentially variable quantity, were it not mysteriously commensurate to the inner nature of that object as laid open to the eyes of God. And thus it happens, that everything in this world, possibly without a solitary exception, has its own separate *aeon;* how many entities, so many *aeons*.

B. But if it be an excess of blindness which can overlook the aeonian differences amongst even neutral entities, much deeper is that blindness which overlooks the separate tendencies of things evil and things good. Naturally, all evil is fugitive and allied to death.

C. I separately, speaking for myself only, profoundly believe that the Scriptures ascribe absolute and metaphysical eternity to one sole Being, viz., to God; and *derivatively to all others according to the interest which they can plead in God's favor.*—Having anchorage in God, innumerable entities may possibly be admitted to a participation in divine aeon. But what interest in the favor of God can belong to falsehood, to malignity, to impurity? To invest *them* with aeonian privileges, is in effect, and by its results, to distrust and insult the Deity. Evil would *not* be evil, if it had that power of self subsistence which is imputed to it in supposing its aeonian life to be co-eternal with that which crowns and glorifies the good."

A writer in the January issue of "*North Western Orient*" has given us some reflections under the head of "*Spiritual Teachings and the Bible*," which are pertinent to the present subject. They are clear, logical and forcibly expressed, and aptly express the views of *many*, not technically known as *Christian Spiritualists*.

He says: "Spirits teach the doctrine of Eternal Progression. They declare that in the superior realms there is no state where men remain stationary per force. Yet the inhabitants of the lower regions have until now been ignorant of this privilege. The glad tidings has reached them that they may escape from their degradation; and multitudes have entered upon the path of progress by the practice of good according to the promptings of love.

"This doctrine appears to be opposed to the tenor of the Bible. An error in the translation has caused this misunderstanding. The word *aion* or *aeon* has been variously translated, but has been deemed equivalent to our word *everlasting* or *eternity*, while its literal meaning was *an age*. But it was intended to express what me mean by the word *dispensation* or *era*. If this signification of the word *aion* be conceded, it is evident that in the New Testament there is no term employed to signify the duration of the state of the Spirit in the future save from one to another aion or era. The "*thousand years*" of St. John had the same signification; as also the time, times, &c., of Daniel. All of these were intended to express no definite number of years, but simply one Spiritual Era. If this correction be made, there will remain no conflict between the Bible and Spirit lessons on the subject of Progression. The Bible declares the condition of the righteous to be joyous, and no where is opposed to progression towards higher delights; and a correct understanding of the word aion will reconcile the Bible with Spirit lessons.

"In the Revelation of St. John, mention is made of a resurrection, "when death and hell shall give up their dead," and a part shall be subjects of the first resurrection over whom the second death hath no power, while another portion shall remain yet another "thousand years" or aion.

"Death signifies *inertia* or a state of non-progression. This is Spiritual death. And a resurrection to life signifies an awakening to action of the Spiritual faculties.

Spirits instruct us that many of those in the dark realms will now come away, while others more obdurate will remain yet another aion. They say that the world has entered upon a new aion. Here is an explanation of the sayings of St. John which have been referred to.

"The dead are the inert, whether in or out of the body. Jesus said, "The time is coming and now is when *the dead* shall hear the voice of the son of man, and those that hear shall live." And again, "Those who believe in me, though they were dead, yet shall they live; and he who liveth and believeth in me shall never die." It must be conceded that the dead here signified were the non-progressives, or the Spiritually dead. And we have the confirmation of Paul, who writes, "Now we know we are raised from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

"It is evident that the dead mentioned in these quotations are not those who have passed from earth, but the Spiritually inert, who are not employing the talent bestowed by their Master (the mind) which we were commanded to use that it may gain more. There are no dead; for those whom we had supposed dead are alive and active: hence, there can be no resurrection other than a raising from inertia. Jesus expressly declared there were no dead, when he said, "Now that the dead rise again, Moses also showed at the bush when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, for he is not a God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him."

"No asseveration can be more direct or emphatic, no language can more strongly certify that there are no dead. And in further confirmation, Jesus said to the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." How erroneous, then, the supposition that the departed sleep in death, to be awakened to life by the sound of a trumpet.—Every Spiritualist who heralds the good news now being taught us by Spirits, calling all men to awake to reformation, is sounding this trumpet. They call a resurrection to action from the sleep of inertia.

"It is believed and taught by the various sects of Christians that there is one place called Hell and another called Heaven, in one of which all will find their home, and remain there fixed in their state. Spirits teach a different doctrine. The Bible affords no sufficient warrant of authority for this assumption of the Orthodox. Jesus said, "Make thy peace quickly with thine adversary, lest he cast thee into prison. Verily, thou shalt not come out thence *till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.*" This is in strict harmony with Spirit lessons; but when we have paid up by the practice of good, we may come away. Jesus declared, "He who heareth my words and doeth them, shall be great in the kingdom of Heaven, but he who heareth and doeth not, *shall be least in the kingdom of Heaven.*" And again he said to the priests, "The publicans and harlots *shall enter the kingdom of Heaven before you.*" The thief also entered paradise. In answer to the question, How are the dead raised up? with what body do they appear? Paul answers, "There is one kind of the flesh of men, another the flesh of beasts, of fishes and of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, another of the stars; and one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is it with the resurrection of the dead"—of those who have entered upon their Spirit life. How now fares it with those who assert that there are but two states, viz.: Heaven and Hell, to which all are consigned; that Hell is unending misery, and Heaven unchanging happiness. Are these quotations from the Bible, purporting to be the words of Jesus and Paul, veritable or false? If true, are not the conditions of Spirits various as are the varieties of the flesh of men, beasts, fish and fowl, or as one star differeth from another star? If these sayings be true, how is it with Orthodoxy?

"Spirits teach that the Spirit-world is arranged as the notes in music—each sphere is one octave of seven planes; that from the lowest to the highest is by regular gradation as are the rounds of a ladder, upon which all are or may be ascending; that according to the unfolding attained here will be our commencement there;—and these are in strict conformity with the tenor of the quotations recited.—That there is no Hell for the punishment of violators from whence they may not depart, is evident from the sayings, "this day shalt thou be with me in paradise,"—"he shall be least in the kingdom of Heaven,"—"the publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of Heaven before you," with other correlative passages.

"Spirits say that light now shines into the regions of the unhappy, and many have entered upon progression. To show its probability, we have quoted St. John, who declares that "death and hell shall give up their dead." In further confirmation, we would quote from St. Peter as follows: "In which he (Jesus) came and preached to those Spirits who were imprisoned, who in times past had been incredulous, when they waited for the patience of God in the days of Noah." Jesus also said, "other sheep I have which are not of this fold." Are these sayings true? Did Jesus indeed descend and preach to the unhappy who had been perverse in the days of Noah? Why this effort to rescue those who are doomed to eternal torture, as the Orthodox affirm? In further confirmation of present Spirit teachings, Peter moreover declares, "For this cause also was the *Gospel preached to the dead;* that they might be judged according to men in the flesh." "

From Buchanan's Journal of Man.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF FIRMNESS.

The position of Firmness, between the benevolent and selfish organs, enables it to act with equal facility in support of our selfish energies, or of our benevolent and self-sacrificing emotions. Indeed, it is so closely connected in its tendencies with Combativeness and its neighboring organs, as to render it often doubtful to which organs certain energetic acts should be attributed. Still it is equally capable of co-operating with the moral group; and with whatever it may be united, it exalts the power of manifestation, unless the organ be too remote from it. Organs more remote are modified or checked, while those which are nearest receive the greatest degree of invigoration.

It may be said, however, that the aggregate tendency of Firmness is to exalt the whole cerebral action, and capacitate the individual for a higher and broader sphere of life. It produces a greater amount of wisdom, a more effective action, and a more perfect morality. Its *modus operandi* is as follows: being averse to any change, it seeks to establish everything upon a permanent foundation, and act with reference to remote results in a uniform manner. Having decided in reference to any individual or object, what is the true relation which it bears to us, Firmness establishes thereupon a permanent and inflexible rule. For example, a child is presented to us. Firmness energizing our emotions and our powers of perception and forecast to perceive its character and relations, assists us to perceive that it should be an object of care and kindness, and of paternal guidance. This being our fixed relation, Firmness forbids any violation of it, and however wayward or vicious the child may become, Firmness requires us to persevere in faithful paternal offices, and thus enables us, under the most painful discouragements, to persist in the sublime effort of redeeming the fallen. In like manner, when one has chosen a lovely woman for the relation of wife, her character and sentiments, her position and pledges, are consonant only with tender affection and fidelity. Firmness, then, exacts that such should be the relation, and dictates the pledge to love, cherish and protect, which it enables us to execute in defiance of every discouragement from unkind treatment or vicious conduct. Thus do we derive from Firmness an inflexible fidelity to the duties of a friend, a father, a husband or a citizen.

Such is the source of the sublimest examples of magnanimity in human society, and of that loftiness of character, which is able to reduce to practice the highest virtues. Reflecting upon the nature of human life and human intercourse, we perceive the true relations of man to man, which are those of co-operative kindness. Such being our settled conviction, Firmness forbids any change in our policy or sentiments, and inflexibly forbids that vacillation and irregularity of passion, which are continually arising from the incidents of business and social intercourse. No matter how unreasonably passionate and perverse our friends may be, Firmness forbids that we should respond by sympathetic anger, or allow the relation of friendship to be changed, which we originally established for sufficient reasons. Having laid down our own laws of life and our true relation to each human being, Firmness refuses to descend from the moral dignity of our own principles, to indulge in anger, malice, jealousy and petulant excitement, or any other species of selfish and hostile contest.

Thus the man of firmness moves through life with an inflexibile uniformity of action, and as he participates in none of the passionate personal excitements and contests of society, he becomes obnoxious to none, and extends over all a tranquil and pacific influence, conducive to social stability. Thus is social order maintained by men of high-toned character, and thus does their moral influence prevail over the weakness and vices of their families and friends.

Firmness, it is true, is equally effectual in co-operation with the selfish passions, and when we have determined anything to be evil, or worthy of opposition and destruction, it renders us inflexible opponents. But the Firmness which I have described is the true normal Firmness acting in conjunction with its neighboring moral organs, instead of co-operating with the basilar.

Firmness may be exerted simply in reference to principles, with but little regard to persons. Determining inflexibly to oppose certain principles or traits of character, and to sustain others, we may be kind and friendly or scornful and hostile, to any extent, as various traits of character are manifested to us by the same person. This is not owing to any lack of Firmness, but to a lack of Reverence, Love and Friendship, which prevents us from regarding individual human beings as objects of much importance, or paying much attention to their traits of character and their relations to ourselves. When Friendship, Love, Faith and Admiration are active, we have too vivid a sense of the importance of each individual, to sacrifice persons to principles—and we do not neglect to establish kind and permanent relations with all with whom we have any intercourse.

Firmness with respect to principles, arises from the activity of the higher reflective organs in connection with the organs of Firmness and Integrity. Firmness with reference to persons and things depends upon the operation of Friendship, Adhesiveness and the perceptive organs.

To cultivate the organ of Firmness, we should acquire a habit of looking at everything with reference to its essential and permanent character, and should repress every attempt or influence calculated to change our feelings. We should acquire a habit of thinking on a large scale, and with reference to remote results, contemning trivial incidents and party excitements.

In order to maintain our sentiments upon all subjects with stability, we should take care to form them with due deliberation and profound reflection, carefully repressing all hasty impulses which lead to inconsiderate conclusions.

To develope Firmness as a trait of character, it is necessary to subdue all extreme excitability and sensitiveness or other causes of vacillation. The following course is therefore necessary in self-culture for the development of Firmness:

1. To energize the muscular system by persevering labor, and thus develope more especially the muscles of the shoulders and arms.

2. To nourish the body by a system of diet sufficiently nutritious to sustain a full supply of blood, and give regularity to the circulation.

3. To live much in the open air in a cold climate—thus developing hardihood and diminishing the predominance of the nervous system.

4. To eat more seldom than is common, and to avoid all cultivation of sensuality or indolence.

5. To engage in occupations of a steady character, in which success is attained only by perseverance.

6. To avoid pursuits which produce much anxiety or irritation of mind—and all situations which excite fear.

7. To cultivate sentiments of Integrity, Hope, true Religion and undoubting confidence in the future destiny of the human soul.

8. To devote ourselves with unfaltering assiduity to the labors of our vocation, losing not a moment from the pursuit of our great objects in the future.

DIVERSITIES OF GIFTS.

It is nearly time the religious and theological world had learned that God in history is of equal importance with "God in Christ," (although the latter may comprehend the former, as the higher comprehends the less,) for until the special is harmonized with, and made to translate the general, *universal providence* will remain problematical and oscillatory between skepticism and dogmatism.—And on this subject as on others, assumption is not *fact*, nor is *presumption* argument.

We make these reflections as corrective to the one sidedness of the following, since the statement is no less Spiritual than Biblical, that "*there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit*, and differences of administration, but the same Lord."—*Ed. Ch. Spt.*

"Whence comes that heavenly illnmination that renders Christians everywhere the light of the world? Theirs is not an original and native light. It was not of the disciples as *men* that the Savior declared, "Ye are the light of the world;" but only in their characters as *disciples*. There is a sense in which men of genius are lights of the world. We speak of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, as the great lights of antiquity. We speak of Newton, Kelper, Bacon, as lights of science; of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, as lights of poetry. But there is no trace of genius in that band of disciples who surrounded Christ when he delivered the sermon on the Mount. Most of them were men of no education, and of limited intelligence. The evangelists may be taken as a fair specimen of their average knowledge and capacity. We find in them the simplicity of unlettered men; the honesty of good native sense; but no marks of genius, and no training that should entitle them to a place among the lights of philosophy.

Neither were they the light of the world by virtue of their position. In this there was nothing conspicuous. They were not men of rank, of wealth, or of office. They were fishermen; or tillers of the soil; or from the odious class of tax-gatherers; not one of them had the least prestige before the world. They were the light of the world because their minds had been enlightened by the truth of Christ, and their hearts had been purified by his grace, They could give only that which they had received.

But herein consists the surpassing glory of the Gospel,—that men of mean condition, men who had never sat at the feet of the philosopher or Pharisee, men ignorant of letters, men without the endowments of genius or the acquirements of culture—that such men should utter truths transcending the highest teachings of the schools; unfolding the mysteries of being, the relations of man to God and God to man; reaching forth to the Invisible, the Infinite, and the Eternal; that by the elevation of their lives in virtue and benevolence, by their manifold works of miracle and of good will, by the boldness and sublimity of the truths they uttered, by the heroism of their daily life, and the glory of their martyrdom—that these poor peasants and fishermen of Galilee should thus transcend a Plato and a Socrates, as lights of the world, is of itself a convincing proof of the divine origin of the gospel that reflects glory upon its Author, as the moon gives glory to the sun.

And it is still true, in our time, that whatever we may have of genius, of talent, of education, of acquirement for preaching the gospel, grace only can give these their lustre, and without that lustre, all is the darknesss of ignorance, pride, and folly.

They who are declared the light of the world are not such as seek to make themselves shine. That Christian who aspires to worldly greatness, who aims at the factitious distinction of wealth or social position who courts the praises of the world, does not thereby reflect the glory of God or make himself a light in the world. Yet often do Christians excuse their worldly aspirations by the plea of gaining a more commanding post of usefulness.—But the post once gained, the avowed object for which it was sought is too easily forgotten, and the honor, the wealth, the profit, are enjoyed without regard to the promised usefulness. Men who seek to shine, are not apt truly to shine with the glory and the grace of God. This is especially true of the ministry of the Word. He who aims to shine in the pulpit, will hardly be a burning and shining light of truth and grace to men.

Not that the minister of Christ should not cultivate his powers to their highest capacity, and endeavor to develope himself to the utmost in his sphere; but he should do this for God's glory, and not in self-praise; he should do this without one thought of shining as a man of genius, of learning, or of eloquence; he should do this from the love of Christ, and from the sense of duty to his cause. As one says, "It is not *shine ye*, but let *your light* shine."—*Independent.*

THE HEREAFTER.

In all ages of the world, and in all parts of it, mankind have earnestly desired to learn the fate that awaited them when they had "shuffled off this mortal coil;" and those pretending to be their instructors have built up different systems which have stood in the stead of knowledge, and more or less satisfied the bulk of people. The interest on this subject is, at the present period, in the most highly civilized portions of the globe, less than it has been at any preceding one. The great proportion of us live for this world alone, and think very little of the next; we are in too great a hurry of pleasure or business to bestow any time on a subject of which we have such vague notions—notions so vague, that, in short, we can scarcely by any effort of the imagination bring the idea home to ourselves; and when we are about to die, we are seldom in a situation to do more than resign ourselves to what is inevitable and blindly meet our fate; while on the other hand, what is generally called the religious world is so engrossed by its struggles for power and money, or by its sectarian disputes and enmities so narrowed and circumscribed by dogmatic orthodoxies, that it has neither inclination nor liberty to turn back or look around, and endeavor to gather up from past records and present observation such hints as are now and again dropped in our path, to give us an intimation of what the truth may be. The rationalistic age, too, out of which we are just only emerging, and which succeeded one of gross superstition, having settled, beyond appeal, that there never was such a thing as a ghost—that the dead do never come back to tell us the secrets of their prison-house and that nobody believes such idle tales but children and old women—seems to have shut the door against the only channel through which any information could be sought. Revelation tells us very little on this subject—reason can tell us nothing; and if Nature is equally silent, if we are to be deterred from questioning her from the fear of ridicule, there is certainly no resource left us but to rest contented in our ignorance, and each await till the awful secret is disclosed to ourselves.

A great many things have been pronounced untrue and absurd, and even impossible, by the highest authorities of the age in which they lived, which have afterward, and indeed within a very short period, been found to be both possible and true. I confess myself, for one, to have no respect whatever for these dogmatic denials and affirmations, and am quite of opinion that vulgar incredulity is a much more contemptible thing than vulgar credulity. We know very little of what *is*, and still less of what may be; and till a thing has been proved, by induction, logically impossible, we have no right whatever to pronounce that it is so. As I have said before; *a priori* conclusions are perfectly worthless; and the sort of investigation that is bestowed upon subjects of the class of which I am treating, something worse—inasmuch as they deceive the timid and the ignorant, and that very numerous class which pins its faith on authority and never ventures to think for itself, by an assumption of wisdom and knowledge, which, if examined and analyzed, would very frequently prove to be nothing more respectable than obstinate prejudice and rash assertion.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

From the Crisis.

SLEEP.

Without anticipating any sudden change, may we not expect that as the New Church becomes established on the earth, the instances may be more frequent, in which instruction will be communicated by visions and dreams—that the prophecy may in some degree be literally fulfilled where it is said, that "your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." Or if the instances of this kind are no more frequent than they have been, will they not acquire new importance from the fact that the New Church is able to give some explanation of them? Since the revelation of the universal laws which govern the Spiritual world, and its intercourse with the natural, the particular examples or illustrations of these laws, may be made intelligible to the rational mind. Hitherto they have left only a vague, perhaps even a frightful impression of the existence of the Spiritual world; but as the light of the church shines upon them, they will tend to produce in the public mind a rational conviction of the reality of Spiritual things.

It may be often the case that we have a dream which produces a powerful impression on the inner man; and the dream itself may be forgotten, but the impression remain strong and operative. We awake, and perhaps remember nothing which has been passing in our minds for hours. Yet we are conscious of a renovated state—of the morning of the Spirit, when all is fresh and green within, as without. Swedenborg says "that certain souls fresh arrived from the world, who desire to see the glory of the Lord, before they are in such a state as to be capable of beholding it, are cast, as to their exterior senses and inferior faculties, into a kind of sweet sleep, and then their interior senses and faculties are raised into an extraordinary degree of wakefulness, and thus they are let into the glory of heaven. But as soon as wakefulness is restored to the exterior senses and faculties, they return to their former state."—*A. C.* 1892.

It is possible that revelations may sometimes be made to us in our sleep, which could not safely descend into the external man—that when our wills and our senses are quiescent, we may be permitted to enjoy communion with heaven, for which in our waking hours we are unprepared; and that such influences may give us Spiritual strength, while we are ignorant of its cause.—*N. Church Essays.*

VELOCITY OF WIND.

In a communication to the *Scientific Americ* Mr. John Wise, the æronaut, repudiates the ide so commonly taught and generally entertained b scientific men, that hurricanes move with the velo city of eighty to one hundred miles an hour. H writes: "Neither hurricanes, tornadoes, nor com mon thunder storms, travel as fast as the wind cur rent above them. I have sailed above them fr quently, and always found the velocity of the wi greater than the storm beneath. The surest mod for an æronaut to avert the roughness of a thunde storm or hurricane, is to rise above it; if he is far enough away from its centre to avoid its centripe tal force then he will out travel it, and as he ge higher so will he increase his speed over the storm cloud beneath. I have moved at the rate of a mile in 42 seconds in stormless and cloudless atmo sphere. In the midst of a tornado, having go into it at its formation, the baloon was involved fo ten minutes, and landed but five and a half mil from where the storm was first encountered. I this storm it snowed, hailed, blowed and rain and whirled my vessel about to and fro, maki me sick, and making me vomit more than a roug sea ever did. Hurricanes are moved along the natural wind-currents, and as they cause friction they move slower than the wind that carries the along. I will not attempt, in this article, to gi my views on the nature of this friction, as I wi only to give my experience in regard to a comm error that exists concerning the velocities of me teors of the cloud kind, that should be correcte when positive facts prove the error. Out of ni voyages in the air above storms, I sailed each ti faster than the storm below. In two cases out the nine I gained time enough to descend befo the storm overtook; one in a distance of f miles, the other in a distance of eighteen mi When the storm first forms it moves much slo than the air current above it. After it is comple ly formed, it moves comparatively faster. A sto when viewed from above and to the side of it, h a completeness of form that is hardly conjectu by those who never saw one thus. Hurrica have no horizontal momentum *per se*, there they have no other horizontal velocity than w they derive from the trade wind currents, a these are from the northwest and southwest i latitude.—*Exchange.*

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? Ask him who lives—what i ask him who adores, what is God?

I know not the internal constitution of o men. I see that in some external attributes resemble me; but when, misled by that ap ance, I have thought to appeal to someth common, I have found my language misunders like one in a distant and savage land.

Thou demandest—What is Love?

If we reason—we would be understood. I imagine—we would that the airy children o brain were born anew within another's. I feel—we would that another's nerves should to our own—that lips of motionless ice shou respond to lips quivering and burning wi heart's food! *This is* LOVE. This is the b the sanction which connects, not only th sexes, bet everything that exists.

We are born into the world, and there is thing within us which, from the instant we l move, *thirsts after its own likeness.* This prop develops itself with the development of our n To this eagerly refer all sensations, thirsti they should resemble or correspond with it. discovery of its antetype—the meeting with derstanding capable of clearly estimating th ductions of our own, an imagination which c ter into and seize upon the subtle and delica culiarities which we have delighted to cheris unfold in secret—with a frame whose nerves the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to th companiment of one delighful voice, vibrate the vibration of our own, and of a combination these in such proportion as the type within mands—this is the invisible and unattainable to which Love tends, and to attain which, it forth the powers of man to arrest the faintes dow of that, without which there is no re respite to the heart over which it rules. He solitude, or in that deserted state when we rounded by human beings, and yet they s thize not with us—we love the flowers, a grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the of the very leaves of spring—in the blue air is found a secret correspondence with our h that awakens the spirit to a dance of brea rapture, and brings tears of mysterious tend into the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patri cess, or the voice of one beloved singing alone. Sterne says that if he were in a des would love some Cypress. So soon as this power is dead, man becomes the living s of himself; and what yet remains is th wreck of what he was.—*Shelley Papers.*

UNNOTICED AND UNHONORED HEROES.—W see a man holding faster his uprightness in p tion as it is assailed; fortifying his religious in proportion as Providence is obscure; keepi the ultimate triumphs of virtue more surely in p portion to its present afflictions; cherishing phil thropy amid the discouraging experience of unkindness and unthankfulness; extending t a sympathy which his own sufferings need, b not obtain; growing milder and gentler amid tends to exasperate and harden; and throu ward principle converting the very incitemen evil into the occasions of a victorious virtue, an explanation, and a noble explanation, present state. I see a good procured, s scendent in its nature as to justify all t and suffering under which it grows up. I think the information of a few such minds all the apparatus of the present w should say that this earth with contine oceans, its seasons and harvests, and its su generations, was a work worthy of God, e it to accomplish no other end than the tra manifestations of the illustrious characters scattered through history. And when I how small a portion of human virtue is re history, how superior in dignity, as well as ber, are the unnoticed, unhonored saints roes of domestic and human life, I see a light over the present state which more than rec me to all its evils.—*Channing.*

MUSSULMAN BELIEF IN AN INTERMEDIATE S —Mussulmans believe in an intermediate stat of the body and soul after death. When the c is laid in the grave, they say, "he is receive an angel, who gives him notice of the ing of the two Examiners, which ar black Angels of a terrible appearance, named kir and Nakir. These order the dead person upright and examine him concerning his fa the unity of God and the mission of Mohamm If he answer rightly they suffer him to r peace, and be refreshed with the airs of Par but if not, they beat him on the temples wi maces, till he roars so loud that he can be by all Spirits from east to west. Then they the earth on the body, which is gnawed and till the resurrection, by ninety-nine dragons seven heads each; or, as others say, their s come venomous beasts, the grievous ones like dragons, the smaller ones like scorpions the others like serpents."—*New Jerusalem M*